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DEVOTED TO UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY, SOUND MORALS, LITERATURE AND NEWS

"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

CHANDLER ROBBINS, EDITOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1837. NO. 854.---VOL. XVI.—NO. 51.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

'THE CONTRAST: OR MODES OF EDUCATION.'

This is the fourth publication of one of our most useful writers,—the very instructive and graceful author of '*Three Experiments of Living*,' '*Elinor Fulton*,' *and* '*Rich Enough*.' Eudora Stanley, the fashionably educated daughter of an ambitious mother, after a most tiresome and distasteful process of *drilling*, becomes the wife, the indolent and selfish wife of a man of wealth, as well the curse of her husband and family as the cause of her own misery. The conduct of this worthless woman is contrasted with that of a widow in depressed circumstances, the exemplary sister of her husband. We have been extremely pleased with the two pictures.

It requires fine talent and nice observation to make children talk naturally. It was Goldsmith, I think, who suggested the exquisite propriety to be observed in a dialogue of little fishes, and who remarked to Dr Johnson that *he* would make *his little* fishes all talk like *whales*. Nothing of this, however, appears in Ralph's 'antithesis.' We must be allowed to quote, for the improvement and gratification of our readers, this little boy's contrast.

"'I have thought of something,' said Ralph clapping his hands. 'Mother, give me a sheet of paper. It is not to waste, but to use.'

Mrs Colman gave him a sheet of paper. Ralph went out and seated himself under one of the trees, and was wholly engaged in producing the following, which he afterwards exhibited:

Mrs Wilson.	Mrs Colman.
Mrs Wilson gets up in the morning at about 10 or 11. She comes down to breakfast, and looks very dull and cross. She says, the coffee is cold,—the bread is sour, and she cannot eat it. She takes an egg, and lays it by the side of her plate. She says she has the headache.	Mrs Colman rises with the sun. She puts the house in order,—gets breakfast, which is always good: excellent milk and bread; sometimes coffee and chocolate. *We all* make a very good breakfast. We are very gay and happy. N. B. The bread is never sour.
After breakfast, Mrs Wilson takes the newspaper,—says there is nothing in it,—reads all the advertisements,—says the servants are great plagues, and she hates dogs.	When we have had breakfast,—which we eat with a very good appetite,—Mrs. Colman calls us all round her, and reads a chapter in the Bible. Then we kneel down and pray. I have not been in a passion but once since I came home. When I *am going into a passion*, I remember that I asked God to keep his eye on me through the day. N. B. Mrs Colman likes dogs, and is very kind to Trusty.

'There, mother,' said Ralph, 'bringing the paper to his mother. I have got an antithesis.'

All the children gathered round, and exclaimed, 'O, what is it? Let us see it!' &c. &c."

The following unconnected sentences, relative to the Book of books, claim to be admitted: 'With my Bible, in my hand, I will go forward and feel no dismay.' 'There is no secret,' said Mrs Colman with a smile, laying her hand on a large Bible, which was on the table before her. 'It is all contained in this book.' 'Her book was before her; the book from which she had drawn daily precepts for life,—and had it no comfort in death?'

From our heart we thank this courageous writer for boldly declaring the belief, that the BIBLE is sufficient for the *best religious education* that can be given; and that every mother, even the very poorest, who can read her Bible understandingly and with love, has the means in her hands of making her son an upright and honorable man. While the press is groaning under the burden of worldly knowledge, and the *philosophy* of things is diffused, or, as it has been wittily phrased, *dispersed*, over the surface of society, it is delightful to have some reference made to the source of all LAW, to God's word, *his* revelations of himself, and *his* teachings of what is right, and what is wrong, unmodified, undiluted, by human lore. 'The great PRINCIPLES of our religion,' says Coleridge, 'the sublime IDEAS spoken out everywhere in the Old and New Testament, resemble the fixed stars, which appear of the same size to the naked as to the armed eye; the magnitude of which the telescope may rather seem to diminish than to increase. At the annunciation of PRINCIPLES, of IDEAS, the soul of man awakes, and starts up, as an exile in a far distant land at the unexpected sounds of his native language, when after long years of absence, and almost of oblivion, he is suddenly addressed in his own mother-tongue. He weeps for joy, and embraces the speaker as a brother.'

We cannot too highly appreciate the condescension of an elegant and richly endowed mind, that, amid the affluence and refinement of an elevated sphere, is thus willing to regard and to supply the wants of the community. It is in literature, what the golden rule is formed to be in human affairs, one of the noblest exemplifications of Christian principle. The lessons of life, contained in the four little stories of this valuable writer, would form, united, a very charming volume of wisdom and entertainment; and as we observed on the publication of RICH ENOUGH, we cannot but still indulge the hope, that the author will yet give greater scope to her pencil, and fill up her sketches and outlines in a manner even more worthy of the fine power she possesses. What the truly accomplished Miss Edgeworth and our own highly gifted countrywoman, the admirable author of Home, have done, is known to us all. To every writer in the department of imaginative literature we would say: First invent or adopt a story worth telling, and then strive to do justice to the discoveries of experience or the creations of genius. L. L.

[From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.]

The following beautiful (for truth is beautiful) piece of poetry is from a daughter of Judge Lewis, of Lycoming county. Our readers may not have forgotten a gem which we published a year or two since, from the father to the gifted daughter. The labors of the parent hand, it will be seen, have been liberally rewarded; a bountiful harvest follows the culture of the mind. The thought is from Mrs Hemans, the composition original.

Thus far speaks the United States Gazette, to which we take the liberty of adding, that the history of the Judge Lewis here spoken of, may be cited as affording one of the finest examples in our country, of the success which mind and enterprise are capable of commanding in this happy country. So late as the year 1817, Judge Lewis was a journeyman printer in this city. He assisted in getting to press the first number of Mr Dwight's paper, the New York Daily Advertiser, in March of that year. Afterward he returned to Lycoming—established a village paper—edited it with spirit and talent—studied law during his hours of leisure—came to the bar—grappled successfully with every obstacle—fought his way to distinction—was elected to the legislature—became attorney general of the judicial district in which he resided—and from that office was elevated to the district bench. He is a gentleman of talents, whose acquaintance we had the pleasure of making at West Point, during the session of the board of visitors in June. Judge Lewis was one of the examiners; and we have availed ourselves of the present occasion to hold this noble example up to the view of the public, that others, emulating his enterprising spirit, may, like him, persevere in climbing

'The steep where fame's proud temple shines afar,'

instead of ingloriously sinking down at its base.

BY JULIET LEWIS—AGED 14 YEARS.

Oh! sing to me, sweet sister, sing
The song I loved to hear,
And when I'm gone, oh sing it still
And think I'm lingering near.

Oh! let me hear before I leave
This world for yonder skies,
The trembling tone of thy rich voice,
On sighing zephyrs rise.

Oft while we've watched the weary sun,
Behind the mountains hide,
Casting his soft and parting light
On Susquehanna's tide.

And standing by our mother's side,
Or by our father's knee,
That song has risen on the breeze;
Oh! sing it NOW for me.

In fancy then will rise the scenes
Of my loved childhood's home;
Again I'll pluck my favorite flowers,
And through my loved haunts roam.

The forms of those in childhood dear,
Before me I shall see,
And present sorrow 'll be forgot;
Then sing that song for me.

The deep rich tones so sweetly rose
Upon the evening air;
They seemed to stay the hand of death,
And angels lingered there.

The song now ceased—the wail of grief
Succeeded that sweet lay;
For, with the loved and dying strains
HER SPIRIT PASSED AWAY.

[From the Athenæum and Visiter.]

BISHOP GEORGE AND THE YOUNG PREACHER.

BY S. T. ARTHUR.

An aged traveller, worn and weary, was gently urging on his tired beast, just as the sun was dropping behind the range of hills that bounds the horizon of that rich and picturesque country in the vicinity of Springfield, Ohio. It was a sultry August evening, and he had journeyed a distance of thirty-five miles since morning, his pulse throbbing under the influence of a burning sun. At Fairfield he had been hospitably entertained by one who had recognised the veteran soldier of the cross, and who had ministered to him for his Master's sake of the benefits himself had received from the hand which feedeth the young lions when they lack; and he had travelled on refreshed in spirit. But many a weary mile he had journeyed over since then, and as the evening shades darkened around, he felt the burden of age and toil heavy upon him, and he desired the pleasant retreat he had pictured to himself when that day's pilgrimage should be accomplished.

It was not long before the old man checked his tired animal at the door of the anxiously looked for haven of rest. A middle-aged woman was at hand, to whom he applied for accommodations for himself and horse.

'I don't know,' said she, coldly, after scrutinizing for some time the appearance of the traveller, which was not the most promising, 'that we can take you in, old man. You seem tired, however, and I'll see if the minister of the circuit, who is here to-night, will let you lodge with him.'

The young circuit preacher soon made his appearance, and consequentially swaggering up to the old man, examined him for some moments inquisitively; then asked a few impertinent questions, and finally, after adjusting his hair half a dozen times, feeling his smoothly shaven chin as often, consented that the stranger should share his bed for the night, and turning upon his heel entered the house.

The traveller, aged and weary as he was, dismounted, and led his faithful animal to the stable, where, with his own hands he rubbed him down, watered him, and gave him food, and then entered the inhospitable mansion, where he had expected so much kindness. A Methodist family resided in the house, and as the circuit preacher was to be there that day, great preparations were made to entertain him, and a number of the Methodist young ladies of the neighborhood had been invited, so that quite a party met the eyes of the stranger as he entered, not one of whom took the slightest notice of him, and he wearily sought a vacant chair in the corner, out of direct observation, but where he could note all that was going on. And his anxious eye showed that he was no careless observer of what was transpiring around him.

The young minister played his part with all the frivolity and foolishness of a beau, and nothing like religion escaped his lips. Now he was chattering and bandying senseless compliments with this young lady, and now engaged in trifling repartee with another, who was anxious to seem interesting in his eyes.

The stranger, after an hour, during which no refreshment had been prepared for him, asked to be shown to his room, to which he retired unnoticed—grieved and shocked at the conduct of the family and the minister. Taking from his saddle-bags a well-worn Bible, he seated himself in the chair, and was soon buried in thought, holy and elevating, and had food to eat which those who passed him by in pity and scorn dreamed not of. Hour after hour passed away, and no one came to invite the old, worn-down traveller to partake of the luxurious supper which was served below.

Toward eleven o'clock the minister came up stairs, and without pause or prayer, hastily threw off his clothes, and got into the very middle of a small bed, which was to be the resting place of the old man as well as himself. After a while the aged stranger rose up, and after partly disrobing himself, knelt down, and remained for many minutes in fervent prayer. The earnest breathing out of his soul arrested the attention of the young preacher, who began to feel some few reproofs of conscience for his own neglect of this duty. The old man now rose from his knees, and after slowly undressing himself, got into bed, or rather upon the edge of the bed, for the young preacher had taken possession of the centre, and would not voluntarily move an inch. In this uncomfortable position the stranger lay for some time in silence. At length the younger of the two made a remark, to which the eldest replied in a style and manner that arrested his attention. On this he moved over an inch or two, and made more room.

'How far have you come to-day, old gentleman?'

'Thirty-five miles.'

'From where?'

'From Springfield?'

'Ah, indeed! You must be tired after so long a journey, for one of your age.'

'Yes, this poor old body is much worn down by long and constant travel, and I feel that the journey of to-day has exhausted me much.'

The young minister moved over a little.

'You do not belong to Springfield then?'

'No. I have no abiding place.'

'How?'

'I have no continuing city. My home is beyond this vale of tears.'

Another move of the minister.

'How far have you travelled on your present journey?'

'From Philadelphia.'

From Philadelphia! (In evident surprise.) The Methodist General Conference was in session there a short time since. Had it broken up when you left?'

'It adjourned the day before I started.'

'Ah indeed!'—moving still farther over towards the front side of the bed and allowing the stranger better accommodation. 'Had Bishop George left when you came out?'

'Yes; he started at the same time I did; we left in company.'

'Indeed?'

Here the circuit preacher relinquished a full half of the bed, and politely requested the stranger to occupy a larger space.

'How did the Bishop look? He is getting quite old and feeble, is he not?'

'He carries his age tolerably well. But his labor is a hard one, and he begins to show signs of failing strength.'

'He is expected this way in a week or two. How glad I shall be to shake hands with the old veteran of the cross! But you say you left in company with the old man—how far did you come together?'

'We travelled alone for a long distance.'

'*You* travelled alone with the bishop?'

'Yes; we have been intimate for years.'

'You intimate with Bishop George?'

Yes; why not?'

'Bless me! Why I did not know that? But may I be so bold as to inquire your name?

'After a moment's hesitation, the stranger replied—'George.'

'George? George? Not bishop George?'

'They call me Bishop George,' meekly replied the old man.

'Why—why bless—me? Bishop George'—exclaimed the now abashed preacher, springing from the bed, '*You have had no supper!*—I will instantly call up the family. Why did you not tell us who you were?'

'Stop, stop, my friend,' said the bishop, gravely, 'I want no supper here, and should not eat any if it were got for me. If an old man, toil-worn and weary, fainting with travelling through all the summer day, was not considered worthy of a meal by this family, who profess to have set up the altar of God in their house, Bishop George surely is not. He is at the best but a man, and has no claims beyond those of common humanity.'

A night of severer mortification the young minister had never experienced. The bishop kindly admonished him, and warned him of the great necessity there was of his adorning the doctrines of Christ, by following him sincerely and humbly. Gently but earnestly he endeavored to win him back from his wanderings of heart, and direct him to trust more in God and less in his own strength.

In the morning the bishop prayed with him long and fervently before he left the chamber; and was glad to see his heart melted into contrition. Soon after the bishop descended, and was met by the heads of the family with a thousand sincere apologies. He mildly silenced them, and asked to have his horse brought out. The horsse was accordingly soon in readiness, and the bishop, taking up his saddle-bags, was preparing to depart.

'But surely, bishop,' urged the distressed matron, 'you will not leave us. Wait a few minutes—breakfast is on the table.'

'No, Sister L.——, I cannot take breakfast here. You did not consider a poor toil-worn traveller worthy of a meal, and your bishop has no claims but such as humanity urges.'

And thus he departed, leaving the family and minister in confusion and sorrow. He did not act thus from resentment, for such an emotion did not rise in his heart, but he desired to teach them a lesson such as they would not easily forget.

Six months from this time the Ohio Annual Conference met at Cincinnati, and the young minister was to present himself for ordination as a deacon; and Bishop George was to be the presiding bishop.

On the first day of the assembling of the Conference, our minister's heart sunk within him as he saw the venerable bishop take his seat. So great was his grief and agitation that he was soon obliged to leave the room. That evening, as the bishop was seated alone in his chamber, the Rev. Mr. ——— was announced; and he requested to be shown up.

He grasped the young man by the hand with a cordiality which he did not expect, for he had made careful inquiries, and found that since they had met before a great change had been wrought in him. He was now as humble as he was before self-sufficient and worldly minded. As a father would have received a disobedient but repentant child, so did this good man receive his erring but contrite brother. They mingled their tears together, while the young preacher wept as a child, even upon the bosom of his spiritual father. At that session he was ordained, and he is now one of the most pious and useful ministers in the Ohio Conference.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

IS WAR JUSTIFIABLE IN ANY CASE WHATEVER, ACCORDING TO THE PRINCIPLES OF THE NEW TESTAMENT?

The gospels are rife with instructions and commands, to preserve order and regularity, to maintain peace and to discountenance dissensions and strifes of every kind. The Author of these dispensations, sublime as they assuredly are, repeatedly inculcated the idea of the worth and importance of peace, while he as strenuously persisted in protesting against the evils and enormities arising from wars. He spoke of them as if he would convince all men of their pernicious tendency and rank inconsistency. He decried discord, and zealously recommended unity. He pronounces those blessed who are favorably disposed towards peace, and who labor to establish it; thus, 'blessed are the peace-makers.' He also promises them the highest station to which man can attain, and encourages them to advance, by assuring them, that 'they shall be called the children of God.' He further enjoins that, if an injury is committed against us, we must not requite it with the same, but 'overcome evil with good.' When he predicts wars, he classes them among great calamities: 'Ye shall hear of wars, and rumors of wars; all these are the beginning of sorrows.' We can here judge, whether he intended, that his diciples should understand him, as speaking in justification of such, especially when we remember that he declares mutual hatred to be the consequence of them; and at another time, thus addresses them: 'love your enemies, do good to them that hate you.' The sentiments, comprised in these passages, preclude all argument in favor of war, according to the doctrine of the gospels. They appear to be irresistible, and capable of withstanding the shafts of sophistry. These are principally from St. Matthew's gospel.

If we proceed, and examine St Mark's gospel, the same precepts, with equal zeal enforced, will meet our eyes.

We learn from St. Luke's gospel that, at the nativity of the Savior, a host of angels appeared to the rejoicing shepherds, and shouted, 'peace on earth, and good will toward men.' This does not savor much of the announcement of one, about to teach or uphold the art of war, or even to approve of it; but, rather of one, about to subvert every warlike disposition, to destroy the seeds of discord, and to restore harmony to the world. Nor is it probable, that they would have manifested signs of gladness, upon the reception of the good tidings, if about to introduce the source of 'the beginning of sorrow' The Savior likewise commands us to 'do violence to no man.' If war can be waged, without disobeying this injunction, and those which have been enumerated, it may be justifiable, provided we are unable to find other passages declaiming against it. In this gospel we have a repetition of the above sentiment, which is a stronger inducement for us to believe that carrying on war is not the same as loving enemies. When Jesus sent forth his diciples, a direction was given them to say, on their entrance into a house, 'peace be to this house,' which is equivalent to the expression, the doctrine we are about to preach to you is of a nature, that recommends peace. Some may select the following passage as a decisive argument in favor of war: 'Suppose ye, that I am come to give peace on earth? I tell you, nay; but rather division.' This answer may be given, that it evidently is an avowal of the object of his mission, to extirpate vice and wickedness, to contend against spiritual beings, to cause a spirit of truth to combat that of error, which is so prevalent on earth; that the division was to be effected between virtue and vice. We are also aware that men of consentaneous habits and opinions unite in societies together; and as all men are not of the same mind, some circles of their association are adverse to others; hence, we perceive a reasonable cause for a separation. Therefore, if among a multitude, whose sentiments are universally and unexceptionably vicious, virtuous principles be disseminated with such success as to convince some of their super-excellence, a diversity of opinion will take place, and soon after, a division. Here we cannot avoid accounting for an origin of a division. As the Savior came to sustain virtue and to discourage vice, opposition was to be necessarily exerted against him by those persons, who were not in favor of his doctrines. This instead of contradicting other injunctions developes his knowledge of the secret springs of the human heart, and coincides with his whole mild course of conduct. If it is not thus understood, how can it be reconciled with the previous selections? how will it fail of coming into collision with them?

We also see that St. John relates an instance of Christ reproving one of his disciples for drawing his sword, and doing violence to the servant of the high priest. We observe the same doctrine inculcated in all parts of the New Testament: 'avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath; therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink.' Is it consistent with the sublime principle, upon which the Savior went, to have him encourage a restless and warlike disposition? Can we reconcile the injunctions; 'Love your enemies, and forgive all trespasses,' with a rancorous and hostile sentiment? Does the doctrine, urged by the Apostle Paul, 'recompense to no man evil for evil,' appear to be reconcileable with a revengeful and inimical spirit, which ever accompanies war and bloodshed?

On looking further into this book, we learn that lust is the parent of sin, and that wars come from lust; and 'where envying and strife is, there is confusion, and every evil work.' 'The fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace.' Now, lust is universally prohibited, and if this law is obeyed, wars will have no source, and consequently, will cease. We know, likewise, that strife is an attendant on, is very closely combined with, and may be said to be an ingredient of war. If strife assists in, and becomes a part of war, and if every evil work is forbidden, we cannot, with truth, say that the New Testament countenances tumult, or malevolent feelings, of any description.

It is the avenging an injury in some cases, and committing one in others. It is also expressly affirmed that 'vengeance is the Lord's.' If there is a wrong done by one individual to another, he is to forgive it, and the punishment is to come in a future state on the transgressor, and to be inflicted by the Being, who alone is acquainted with real justice. 'Lay aside all malice,' and 'mercy unto you, and peace, and love, be multiplied,' are contradictory to our ideas of a work, calculated to incite mankind to contention.

The whole tenor of the New Testament breathes nothing but instructions, favorable to and productive of happiness, if followed; but if disregarded, it throws great barriers in the way of those, who seek for this desideratum in any other manner. Its precepts justify no retaliation, not even upon our enemies; and if these be accepted and consulted as our guide, war and discord must inevitably disappear from among men. The more generally and extensively the advice here given, prevails, the more rapidly will the argument in favor of peace be propagated, the more zealously will they be maintained, and as a necessary conclusion, discordant and malicious proceedings will diminish on earth.

It may be advanced that self preservation, being expected of every one and justified by divine as well as by human laws, we are allowed to fight in self-defence; and therefore, defensive war has the support of the New Testament. But 'if a man smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also;' 'if a man will take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also;' and 'resist not evil,' seem to intimate a contrary direction. All these passages being summed up, it is not remarkably easy to deduce any strong grounds in justification of war, even in the most remote sense of the term. Should others be found and selected, they must be interpreted according to the maxims contained in these; for, the author of them was predicted 'a Prince of peace,' not of war. And it would be somewhat strange for a powerful advocate of peace to go about disseminating a doctrine subversive of his own cause, and to excite men to arms.

[From the Western Messenger.]

EVERY CHILD A UNITARIAN.

We regard the mind of a little child as being in many respects, more fitted to receive truth, than the mind of the adult. To the child every truth comes pure and fresh. Error has not crept in. Sophistry is still a stranger. The inner vision is undistorted. It sees clearly, intuitively, what older heads are continually racking their brains about. Dogmas, controversy about which has convulsed the heart of nations, have not yet reached the child. The volcanic thunders of theologic batteries roll away at a distance, unheard, and around that sacred 'kingdom which is within' the young spirit, a clear, calm blue heaven ever smiles. Truth when it comes, *fits* the fresh untouched nature of the child, as the key fits the lock of the inner sanctuary. How often is the child 'the father of the man!' How often must those, who are old in 'enticing words of man's wisdom,' bow down before the power of that clearer, simpler wisdom which manifested in a little child, makes him like an angel from the skies!

'Thou best philosopher, who yet doth keep
Thy heritage, thou eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted forever by the eternal mind,—
Mighty prophet! Seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
Thou over whom thy immortality
Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
A presence which is not to be put by;
Thou little child'—

The truth of what we have said, will be acknowledged by every unprejudiced person, who has observed the minds of children. The great truths of *religion* come to them naturally and easily; the great dogmas of an erroneous *theology*, with difficulty. I sincerely believe every child who has thoughts of God and religion, to be a Unitarian, until the teacher tries to confuse its ideas, by making it believe in a Trinity of three persons in one God. I remember hearing a lady, brought up in the Episcopal church, candidly avow that when a child, she never thought of Christ as the same being with God, but as entirely distinct from Him.

Another illustration of the truth, that all reflective children are Unitarians, came to my knowledge the other day. A little girl was showing some pictures to her brother. Among them was a picture of the crucifixion. The little girl said it was a picture of God put to death on the cross. 'Oh, no, sister,' said the little boy, 'you forget. Not God, for he cannot die, but Jesus Christ.'

In this simple anecdote, how much truth is conveyed! And how many such instances occur in the child's little circle of thought and action, unnoticed by parents. Let us all become as little children in openness of mind, as well as in purity of heart, and the great truths of revelation will dawn unclouded upon us, and the kingdom of heaven be within us.

C. P. C.

[NOTE. An interesting incident which occurred a few weeks since in the Episcopal Methodist church in Louisville, goes to confirm the view of our correspondent. The children of the public schools and Sunday schools, to the number of perhaps a thousand, were assembled to hear a lecture from Dr Tyng, of Philadelphia. It was, we thought, a particularly happy effort. But in the course of it he took occasion to ask the children, whom they ought to love most of all. A hundred little voices instantly answered, GOD. 'And whom ought you to love next best?' continued he. The same little voices, with equal unanimity, cried out, JESUS CHRIST. Their young minds, as yet unacquainted with sectarian theology, and taught only from the Bible, at once made the distinction between God and Christ, and placed the son in the second rank. On hearing this, I could not but say to myself, in the words of the Savior—'I thank thee, O Father, Lord of Heaven and Earth, *that thou hast hidden these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes.*' J. F. C.]

THE SAVIOR'S DEVOTIONAL HABITS.

'Jesus went up into a mountain:' for what purpose? To view the Judean Landscape, while the setting sun was flushing the lake of Gennesaret, and flinging his yellow radiance over the adjacent wilderness?—No.

'When the evening was come, Jesus was there *alone*.' Why?—That he might watch the rising of the evening star, and mark the lamps of heaven kindling in clusters and constellations throughout the hemisphere? No. Did he, then, ascend the mountain to enjoy repose? The Savior needed rest at the time, for he had spent the day in healing the sick and feeding the hungry, under a scorching sun, and amidst a crowding multitude. But it was not for *rest* that he retired: 'He went up to a mountain apart to *pray*.' Was this devotional exercise less sublime than gazing on the gilded landscape and the glowing firmament? Those who ascend mountains, voluntarily and alone, do so, in general, to indulge poetic or scientific taste; to command the prospect, and to commune with nature in silence and solitude.—Jesus ascended to pray: and by prayer, to commune with God: a nobler communion than poets or philosophers ever had with nature, in her majestic or lovely scenes. And yet, how few are alive to the sublimity of devotional solitude! Praying in secret to the Father who seeth in secret, is an exercise equally solemn and august; but how little interest it excites to say of a man, *he is alone praying!*

Tell men of taste, that their favorite poet is *alone* amidst the scenery of the lakes or the Grampians; alone on the Alps or the Andes; alone in the Coliseum of Rome, or amidst the Pyramids of Egypt; and immediately his admirers will realize his emotions, and dwell with him in spirit, amidst clouds and cataracts, rocks and ruins, and feel as if he were more than mortal. But tell them that he is alone praying; and that moment the charm will be dissolved, and the man pitied as insane, or despised as fanatical. So lightly is devotional solitude esteemed!

Tell scientific men, that the first astronomer of the age is alone in the chief observatory in the world, with the most powerful telescopes ever lifted to the heavens; and all kindred minds will at once kindle in prospect of his discoveries. The silence and solitude of his post are held sublime, and felt to be in harmony with the silent sweep of the celestial orbs, and the music of the spheres. But tell his admirers, that he often pauses, amidst the roll and radiance of the heavenly bodies, to pray; and although one of their own poets has said that

'An undevout astronomer is mad,'

his devotion will be esteemed madness or weakness.

'The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,'

and is almost adored; but the penitent's eyes, swimming in tears of contrition, and hardly daring to look up, even when alone before God, are despised by the generality of mankind.—But 'a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou will not despise.' The astronomer tracing the stars in their courses, and tracking the devious comet in its flight, is held to be a star of the first magnitude in the mental system—strong in undertaking, and lofty in genius. But the Christian, retired to pray, is held to be almost mean-spirited. And yet—he lifts his adoring eyes to heaven, of which the incarnate 'brightness of the Father's glory' is both 'the morning star' and 'the sun of righteousness;' and in his light sees the landscape of eternity illuminated—the valley of the shadow of death, irradiated with the Divine presence, and all the intermediate track of time basking under the eye of Providence. Often, when alone praying, he finds his closet the very gate of heaven, and feals as if 'open vision' would follow his intimate communion with God and the Lamb. Whatever, therefore, may be thought or said, by taste, science, or ignorance, of going apart and being alone to pray, devotional solitude is often exhilarating, and always soothing.

It is commended by the high example, and commanded by the high authority, of the Savior—

Cold mountains and the midnight air,
Witnessed the fervor of his prayer.'

His example, does not, of course, enforce an

ascent to a mountain in order to pray. He went up into a mountain from necessity—not from choice; because, as the Son of Man, he had not where to lay his head; no home or closet. To those who have both, his command is, 'Enter into thy closet.' And we learn, from his example, that *inconvenience* must not prevent secret prayer. Here was the Savior, upon a lonely mountain—exposed to the cold winds and dews of the night—the ground damp beneath his knees, and the air chill around him; and yet he prayed—prayed long; the morning star often finding him where the evening star had left him. We have not such inconveniences to surmount. What is a cold room in winter, or a close room in summer, compared to the hoary side of a bleak and dreary mountain at midnight? And yet, how often are cold and heat allowed to hinder or hurry over secret prayer? Let sloth look to the Savior's retirement, and blush! God might have enjoined us to ascend such a mountain whenever we prayed; and if he had commanded it, the duty would have been indispensable; but, in tender accommodation to our comfort, he has granted us, what he withheld from his incarnate Son—a house; and says, 'Enter into thy closet.'

The Savior's example proves that the *fatigue* of labor must not prevent secret prayer. He had spent the day until the evening in active exertion amongst the multitude that followed him into the wilderness. During all the time he had been under a burning sun in a sandy desert, and had afterwards to ascend the mountain alone. And there—neither shelter nor refreshment awaited him; but, although thus exhausted and exposed, he closed the labors of the day by prayer. Now, his example ought to have all the authority of a law—all the influence of a charm upon his disciples. We do not come home more fatigued than he was. He had no house—no domestic comforts—neither shelter nor pillow for his sacred head; and yet he went apart to pray. He will remind the prayerless of this fact.

The Savior's example proves that even deeds of *charity* and great exertions for the poor and afflicted, must not set aside secret prayer. He closed a day of mighty effort on behalf of suffering humanity, by going apart to pray. And surely if serving others must not prevent devotional solitude, serving ourselves must not be allowed to do so: if acts of charity will not excuse neglect, the labors of industry cannot: if giving money to the poor be no plea for the omission of prayer, making money is not a valid one. Accordingly, while 'diligence in business' is expressly enjoined, 'fervency of spirit' in prayer, rests upon the same high and unalterable authority. Pray or perish is the alternative set before us in the gospel.

The Savior's example proves that no *strength* of character or of grace can render devotional solitude unnecessary. He who had the Spirit without measure—who knew no sin—who was full of grace, and in whom Satan could find nothing to work upon—He went apart to pray. He held neither the fullness of his Godhead, nor the perfection of his humanity, as a reason for restraining prayer. And surely nothing that we have 'attained' can render us independent of secret devotion!—'The servant is not greater than his Lord.' If, therefore, Satan, or sloth, or pride, say we may do with less prayer than at first, let us hear the insinuation as we should the assertion that we can do with less glorying in the Cross than we began with.

The Savior consulted our interest as well as his Father's glory when he enjoined devotional solitude upon his disciples. For, in the best frame of mind, a Christian requires to be alone at times. The privacy of the domestic altar is not sufficiently 'apart,' when the heart is full and overflowing with adoring and melting views of sovereign and free grace. The full-souled exclamation, 'Why me, Lord!' with its tones and tears, is fit only for the ear of God. And when the witness of the Spirit is strong, and the seal of the Spirit bright; when the soul is borne away amongst 'the deep things of God,' and the dazzling scenes of eternity—we must be alone, or lose one half of the enjoyment. Even a family, however endeared, would be a check, at these sacred moments, on the full flow of devotional feeling, and on the flush of a hope full of immortality. Solitude is the real element of these raptures. But then—the Christian is not alone: the mount of communion is covered with 'horses of fire, and chariots of fire.' He is alone 'with an innumerable company of angels, and with the spirits of just men made perfect.'

Solitude is also peculiarly suitable to the *worst* frames of a Christian's mind. The tones and terms in which backsliding, or indeed any sin, can be deplored in the domestic or social circle, are both too general and tame for the emotions of a contrite spirit. David was alone when he said, 'I have gone astray like a lost sheep.' Asaph was alone when he said, 'I was as a beast before thee.' Ephraim was alone when he smote upon his thigh and acknowledged that he had been as 'a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke.' And our secret sorrows and shame are not fit even for the ear of our families. They might be misunderstood and misinterpreted by others: whereas, He who heareth in secret can heal in secret. And what a sanctuary is solitude for the expression of all those feelings which, even at home, can only be breathed in general and gentle terms! It will not do to utter before our families all our fears of death, nor all our anxieties for them.—It will not do to unburthen and unbosom all the heart to any but God. God seeth and heareth in secret. What a mercy! What a wise and kind arrangement! 'It is good for me to draw nigh unto God,' alone!—*Robt. Philip.*

ULTIMATE DISSOLUTION OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

The idea of the ultimate dissolution of the solar system, has usually been felt as painful, and forcibly resisted by philosophers. When Newton saw no end to the deranging effect of the common planetary perturbations, he called for the special interference of the Almighty, to avert the catrastrophe; and great was the rejoicing when that recent analyzer descried a memorable power of conservation in our system's constituent phenomena; but, after all, why should it be painful? Absolute permanence is visible nowhere around us; and the fact of change, merely intimates, that in the exhaustless womb of the future, unevolved wonders are in store. The phenomena referred to, would simply point to the close of one mighty circle in the history of the solar orb—the passing away of arrangements which have fulfilled their objects, that they might be transformed into new. Thus is the periodic data of a plant perhaps the essential to its prolonged life; and when the individual dies and disappears, fresh and vigorous forms spring from the elements which composed it. Mark the crysalis! It is the grave of the worm, but the cradle of the unborn insect. The broken bowl will yet be healed, and beautified by the potter, and a voice of joyful note will awaken one day even the silence of the urn! Nay, what though *all* should pass? What though the close of this epoch in the history of the solar orb, should be accompanied, as some by a strange fondness have imagined, by the dissolution and disappearing of all those shining spheres. Then would our universe not have failed in its functions, but only been gathered up and rolled away, these functions being complete. That gorgeous material frame work, wherewith the Eternal hath adorned and varied the abysses of space, is only an instrument by which the myriads of spirits born upon its orbs, may be told of their origin, and educated for more exalted being; and a time may come when the veil can be drawn aside—when spirit shall converse *directly* with spirit; and the creature gaze without hindrance, on the effulgent face of its Creator; but even then—no, not in that manhood or full maturity of being, will our fretted vault be forgotten, or its pure inhabitants permitted to drop away. Their reality may have passed, but their remembrance will live for ever; the tenderer and the more hallowed, that the grave has enclosed and embalmed their objects; and no height of excellence, no extent of future greatness, will ever obscure the vividness of that frail but loved fancy, in which, as now, we walked upon this beauteous earth, and fondly gazed upon these far-off orbs, deeming that they whisper from their bright abodes, the tidings of man's immortal destiny.

[From an Old Book without a Name.]

Some may possibly object, that for persons to do deeds of charity, in hope of obtaining spiritual blessings and comforts in this way, would seem to show a self-righteous spirit, as though they would offer something to God to purchase these favors. But if this be a good objection, it may be made against every duty whatsoever. All external duties of the first table will be excluded by it, as well as those of the second. First table duties have as direct a tendency to raise self-righteous persons' expectations of receiving something from God, on account of them, as second table duties; and on some accounts more; for those duties are more immediately offered *to God*, and therefore persons are more ready to expect something *from God* for them. But no duty is to be neglected, for fear of making a righteousness of it. And I have always observed, that those professors that are most partial in their duty—exact and abundant in external duties of the first table and slack as to those of the second, are the most self-righteous.

For the Register and Observer.

PRAYER.

Many dissertations have been written on the subject of prayer. Their objects have been to explain the nature, to show the efficacy, and enforce the obligation of prayer. Just and true and beautiful as many of these essays have been, they have never equalled that living explanation and illustration of the true nature of prayer, contained in the ninth and four following verses of the sixth chapter of Matthew. No one can say he knows not how to pray, since our Savior has condescended to teach us all.

Let us examine our Lord's Prayer, and endeavor to bring out fully its meaning, trusting that from the examination we shall receive some good impressions of the duty, the importance, the privilege of praying to our Father.

'After this manner therefore pray ye: Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name.' Then the first great duty in prayer is to render thanks and glory to our Creator. Hallowed be thy name. Above every other thing should we desire that due thanks should be rendered to the Father of mercies. He brought us into being, and has preserved us in being. His mercy has never failed us or the myriads upon myriads of sentient beings, which live and enjoy life. It becomes us then and all these highly favored beings first to render the tribute of thanksgiving, due to him, whose love and goodness eternity is too short to celebrate. Though our lips should never open to ask a single blessing, they should never be so sealed as not to be able to Hymn our Maker's praise. 'Thy kingdom come.' Thou createdst and thou governest all things. Too long have men thy subjects lived under thy sovereign sway, unmindful and neglectful of their King. Too long have they endeavored to thwart thy holy purposes, and defeat thy holy plans. Too long have they been rebellious instead of obedient subjects. May the time speedily come when we and all thy children shall act *with* thee, and thou shalt reign in grateful and obedient hearts. 'Thy will be done in earth as it is in Heaven.' Thy holy angels delight to contemplate thy glories, to see thy benevolent purposes performed towards all thy children, to be themselves ministers of thy holy will. May thy children on earth desire, above all things else, to be humble agents in executing thy plans. May not the flesh war against the spirit, but may both flesh and spirit listen to thy word within us, and listening, obey. 'Give us this day our daily bread.' Thou hast been pleased to give us being, and hast preserved our life to us though we are unworthy to live. Wilt thou in thy mercy still continue our being, by affording us the necessary means of supporting life. No more we ask, for we are undeserving of these. 'And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.' With shame and remorse we confess that we have been revengeful and unforgiving, and have not accepted the prayer of repentance nor regarded the tears of contrition. Being of perfect justice! while such is our character, how can we hope for mercy from thee. Aid us in becoming meek and humble and merciful, that we may be enabled to ask with sincerity that thou wilt do to us as we do to those around us. 'And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.' Our faith is weak, our virtue yielding, our passions strong. Keep us from too enticing temptation and be ever present with thy holy spirit to strengthen our resolutions, to confirm our faith, and preserve us unharmed from evil. 'For thine is the kingdom and power and glory, for ever, Amen. May we at all times and in all places, whatever may be our condition, in wealth or poverty, in health or sickness, in sorrow or happiness, may we render to Thee glory and honor. May our prayers begin and end with thy praise.

Thus have we been taught to pray by the Savior himself. Do we ask what doth it profit a man to pray? What doth it profit a man to be benevolent? Before doing a charitable deed, do we inquire what advantage it will be to us? It is our duty, therefore we do it. It is our duty to pray, therefore let us pray. But let us endeavor to pray aright. And some one asks, how is that? Shall we always use the form our Lord has given us? Yes, if you fear you cannot pray aright without that form, use it. That prayer is always suitable to every one. But doubtlessly our Lord did not intend to prohibit other words and forms of prayer, for he himself used other words in the Mount of Olives. But he has taught us what should be the nature of our petitions; and if we follow his directions, we shall not err. Let us remember that one great duty in prayer is to render thanks to God. Another, is to learn submission and to gain calm and perfect confidence in his disposal of events. We may also pray for the necessaries of life both spiritual and physical. But let us beware of particularising, and dictating to our Creator. He knows what is best for us; let us trust in him. If we have trials, may we not pray for release from them? Undoubtedly we may, but let us remember that it is our duty to pray that God's will be done, before we ask for any blessings to ourselves. And let us especially beware of that prayer of selfishness which many offer in times of trial and danger, who in health and prosperity never think of their Father. Such prayers must be an abomination to God. Let us pray for and try to attain pure dispositions, strong faith and childlike confidence, and then let trials come. Welcome temptation. Welcome sickness, and disease and suffering. We have a heavenly physician, an unfailing friend, who will give us strength to bear all, and enable us to conquer every foe.

H. H. J.

'THE THINGS THAT MAKE FOR PEACE.'

A Sermon preached in Hollis Street Church, Sunday, 3d December, 1837. By John Pierpont. Published by request.

We hear much, in these days, of the great importance of peace;—peace in the church—peace in the city—and peace, concord and union in our land. God forbid that this should be undervalued by any of us! God forbid that any of us should so lowly estimate its value as not to follow, and that most earnestly, the things that make for it. But, still more emphatically do I say, God forbid that we should seek for peace itself as the greatest good; that we should seek it without regard to the *condition* on which we have seen that it entirely depends; that we should seek it, without reference *to the things that make for it*;—or that we should seek to purchase it, at the expense of righteousness.—Great as is the blessing of peace, it may be sought—(I say not *bought*, for though we may seek peace, we cannot procure it)—at a price which it is not worth—the price of righteousness, or right. There may, indeed, in our own, as in former days, be those, who, when the popular mind is aroused—when the passions of men, like waves in a tempest, are dashing against each other—when, in the struggle for power or for gold, moral principle, truth, and righteous law are trampled under foot,—will lift their heads from their pillows, and, reckless of the welfare of coming generations, as of the inevitable retributions of God's moral government, will say, 'at least let their be peace in my day!' And that timid, that selfish voice may be heard; and, so far as the outward and visible are concerned, that people may be at peace; for 'the confused noise of the battle and the warrior,' 'the thunder of the captains and their shouting,' may not be heard,—and garments may not be 'seen rolled in blood.'—It may be a political, but it is not a moral peace. It is not the peace in which the kingdom of God consists—that peace of God which passeth all knowledge—that joy which waits upon the spirit of holiness. No—when, in any of the kingdoms or nations of the earth, 'judgment is turned away backward, and justice standeth afar off, when truth is fallen in the street and equity cannot enter, yea, when truth faileth, and he that departeth from evil *maketh himself a prey*' to the men who 'hate him with the hatred of violence,' there—though there may be no legions marshalled on the battle field,—nay, though the great mass of the people may be 'wholly at ease and quiet,' there is no moral peace. It is rather a moral death. The visible quiet is the quiet that follows an earthquake, when the living soul is buried under masses of earth, so that its dying wail can be no longer heard.

A peace like this is not known in the kingdom of God, nor can it be desired by those who hope for that kingdom, and who pray that it may come! Great as is the blessing of political peace in any land, righteousness is a greater than peace without righteousness, or peace opposed to it. A peace to procure which right is denied, is one which cannot abide the day of the coming of the Prince of peace:—No,—we may call it peace, but it is no peace in his sight. He came not to bring such peace *to* the world, nor to leave such peace *in* it. Doat upon the pleasant vision as we may—strive as we may to bind it to our land, or to any land, by paper chains,—by charters, or compacts—whenever the stern, uncompromising spirit of righteousness is roused up from its sleep in the great bosom of the people, all those chains will become like those which hold the gaudy clouds in the heavens, or that fasten the sparkling dew to the earth, when the sun rises in his strength upon the world.

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The kingdom of God, as we have seen, is righteousness, *first*. Then it is peace and joy. 'The wisdom that is from above is *first* pure; then it is peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, and full of mercy and good fruits.' But the wisdom that is from above knows nothing of peace where purity is not. Where she sees unrighteousness and wrong,—with all her gentleness—she is as unbending as are the everlasting hills. Right is as peremptory in her exactions as Wrong can ever be in his. In truth Wrong finds his only safety in his flexibility—his tortuous windings. Right will not recede from her ground, for she cannot. The only weapon in which she delights is, the sword of truth, which is the Word of God. Where she is permitted to wield that, with the freedom that is her birthright, and with the divine energy with which a righteous God has clothed her, she will trust to that for all her conquests in the world; and she asks no more than that, in establishing herself and the kingdom of God in the world. But when she is forbidden to lift up her voice, in the ears of the children of men, and that, whenever and wherever she please; she falls down dead;—for her life is in her voice;—and, with her, dies peace, as dies the branch when the trunk, from which it shoots, is cut down;—and then *must* follow freedom, order, righteous law, and all that law guards, or man loves or lives for, on the earth.

O, that, as a people, we may have known, even we, the things that belong to our peace, before they shall be hid from our eyes.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

FAMILIAR SKETCHES.

LETTER IV.

Dear W——n,—In the preceding letters, I have given you a summary account of some of the results of my enquiries. These may appear, at first glance, to be simple, natural, and easily reached. The process however is not instantaneous, or unattended with difficulties. Our religious investigations have this peculiarity, that at every step they are thronged with considerations of momentous and changeless consequence. In Philosophy we may digress in our enquiries, diversify our experiments, revolutionize our theories, without the apprehension of affecting seriously the welfare of society, or of giving a new determination to our immortal destiny. In religion it is not so. A consistent religious course is of supreme value to every man, in this life. But in the next—who can measure the tide of consequences that flows on through Eternity. We tremble at every thought, decision, act, lest we impart some slight bias to the nicely adjusted sequence of events, by which, in the progress of ages, instead of being elevated to the happiness we desire, we shall become involved in inextricable misery. Every man imagines himself to be safe in the religion of his fathers. He may be safe in the adoption of other views. He *may* hazard his everlasting well-being. He is at least secure where he is. Why then should he stake a venture?

You will find among Calvinists, in common with all religionists of a creed,—a certain something—which I cannot reduce in description, to a word. It is something which incorporates itself with the experience of the individual, and is not exhibited as one of the public, acknowledged points of the sect. It originates somewhat in this way; the Preacher declares in tones of solemn and confident earnestness, that on some particular doctrine, or system of doctrines, that of the Trinity for example, are rested alone the hopes of the salvation of men. Hence an instinctive and irresistable trust in the doctrine becomes impressed on the mind. It is a trust *in the doctrine*, not a rational resting on the *grounds* of the doctrine. The very words Doctrine of the Trinity, are hallowed in our associations. This trust in the doctrine passes by an easy transmutation, into a trust in Heaven; and its last office is to afford relief, when unwelcome fears of retribution press upon the thoughts. Of course there springs up in the mind a dread of decrying the doctrine, and, I had almost said, a horror of embracing anything opposed to it, which overpowers and silences all rebellious convictions. This peculiar belief, or reliance on the doctrine is not directly promulgated from the pulpit, nor is it familiarized in conversation. Still it may be discovered as a deep-seated sentiment of the heart. Constituting a silent under-current of thought and feeling. This noiseless, unseen influence of the creed begins its action at the first dawning of our intelligent existence. As years advance it weaves its web with an invisible, yet with a skillful, and ever active hand, till we find ourselves at last hopelessly enmeshed in its toils.

We do not love to doubt. The first flashes of a doubt throw a chill over the spirits, and send a tremor through the frame. Many think doubting to be a placid and harmless state of the mind. They mistake the looking on the opposite side to see what is there, for the sober questioning if any truth remains on our own side. From this thought the mind starts back, as from a vision of ruin. This thought is more than a thought, it is an emotion so painful that we hurry to dispel it from the mind. We may scrutinize our faith, and weigh all possible arguments, that favor or oppose it. This is a mere exercise of the intellect, and occasions to us no uneasiness. It is a process that is carried on in all our Theological Seminaries, with the utmost coolness and intrepidity. The Student may meet with a host of reasons against his peculiar doctrines, which he has not the power to answer, explain away, or even to dismiss with plausible pretext. Yet he never *doubts* that his faith is true;—or if perchance, that terrible imagining should gain an access to his mind, by a desperate effort he shakes the monster idea from his thoughts. It is the faith of his Fathers, of his Church, of his friends, of his interests and hopes, of his cherished associations, of his warmest affections, and how shall he doubt if it be true.

It was often represented that if Calvinism was not true, in the first place, there was no necessity for a Revelation, and in the second place, what was taught in the Scriptures, was not true. Such statements furnished a fair opening for me at once, to a general scepticism. But a kind Providence held me back from that abyss of horrors, and I was only permitted to take such a glance down its fearful depths, as that I can the better lend succor to those who may be, in that way, tempted. Infidelity is so revolting that if our Philosophy did not make us Christians, our affections would. But that is not our alternative. Philosophy, reason, and the human heart all comprise in teaching the great truth that Christ came from God. I rejoice to find in Unitarianism the amplest supports against infidel tendencies. The Unitarian possesses one peculiar advantage for this end. While he participates to their full extent in the arguments for Revelation, which other denominations confide in, to him alone belongs, in its amplitude and power, that from the Adaptation of Christianity to the soul of man. This delightful view has recently been elucidated, in a manner at once scriptural, philosophical, and exceedingly gratifying, by one or two writers of your denomination. Calvinism, you know, teaches that men hate Christ and God; that there is a natural and irreconcilable variance between the soul of man and Christianity, and a Christ-like religion. It teaches that there is every thing in Christianity to repel the human heart, and that men would never embrace it except as they are coerced by fears of final perdition, or by an omnipotent influence.

How do I know that Christ's mission was Divine, I said to myself, one day, as I sat with my Bible before me. I had been reading several treatises on the Evidences. I could not deny that, so far as external proof was in point, they approximated to a clear demonstration. Yet my mind was not at rest. Men hate God,—I reasoned. Christ is from God. Therefore the first internal evidence of the divinity of his mission, will be the out-bursting of hatred from the universal heart of man. If such hate it is divine, if they love, it is not divine. But again, that alone is accredited among men; as in the highest sense the True, the Holy, the Divine, which in some way corresponds with the highest approbation of the human heart. Therefore it is impossible for God to make a Revelation of himself which shall gain credence in the world, without first changing the essential nature of the whole human race. This change has not transpired. Therefore there has been no Revelation; &c, &c. These you say are gross absurdities, and trifling difficulties. Yet they are real difficulties, of the first magnitude, to those who are driven to the metaphysics of the case. And as a Calvinist, I was perpetually involved in metaphysical subtilties.

I turned to the Sermon on the Mount. According to the received doctrine, this discourse is fitted to excite the enmity of all mankind. On the broad face of it must be stamped incongruity, unfitness, inadaptation. There is no element in the heart of man which corresponds with its heavenly precepts. It is not what men need or desire, for this world or the next; for man cannot be happy with what he hates. Of course a Heaven administered in the spirit of those instructions, would be miserable as Hell to him. His intellect could not discern their truth and beauty, for that alone, to us, is true and beautiful which in some way accords with the susceptibilities of our being. He cannot appreciate their loveliness, for his inmost soul abhors the supernal excellence of such teachings. Has God, I asked, made a Revelation of himself that shall only inflame the animosities of men, which it cannot subdue, and aggravate the calamities of mortal existence without any prospect of relief? I might have persisted in these perplexing abstractions, I cannot say how long, when my thoughts were diverted, by the entrance of a little girl, who came tripping in, with the freedom and glee of youth. She was in the budding developement of her primitive being. She had not experienced, so far as I knew, regeneration, i. e. a change from what was her original nature. I called her attention, and read to her the verse, Blessed are the pure in heart, &c. and asked her if she thought it was good in God to bless only those who had pure hearts. 'O,' said she, 'I wish my heart to be always pure.' Then she added, with a look between a smile and a thought, such as you sometimes see pass over the face of a child, 'I should not be happy, in Heaven, with God, if I had a wicked heart.' All the world may not perceive the bearings of this slight occurrence. You will understand me when I say, it was a hint, a blessed hint, to better things.

Men universally do admire this Sermon of our Lord's. They pronounce it just, beautiful, divine. Yes, there are susceptibilities to Heavenly beauty, and Heavenly truth, in the human heart. This has lain at the foundation of the belief in the Divinity of Christ's religion, in all ages of the Church. It actuated the primitive disciples, the ecclesiastical Fathers, and the multitudes of the good, down to our own times. With the external evidence of miracles, and the inward 'witness of the spirit,' how can we doubt! Christianity is a moral demonstration. I did not so understand it once. Many are not favored with that convincing aspect of the subject now. They are driven to feel that if they reject their creed, they must part with Christianity. They hesitate, as well they may, in respect to that other alternative. They linger about that land of darkness, and spectres, of fearful portents, and gloom. Would that the light of your better doctrine might pour its illuminations upon their pathway, and guide them to Truth, Hope, Happiness, and Heaven.

As ever, CLEANTHES

DIFFERENCES OF OPINION.

I would as readily be a heretic as a pugilist. It is almost as well not to *speak* the truth, as to speak it *not* in love.

If St. John was writing to the ministers, and officers, and members of the church, in our day would he address them as 'little children?' Are they such in temper and 'in malice?' 1 Cor. xiv. 20.

If we are commanded to *contend* for the faith, are we not also commanded to walk in love, and to follow peace, and the things which make for peace? It don't mar the beauty, or impair the efficacy of truth, to speak it in love.

I am determined not to quarrel with other evangelical bodies of Christians, so long as I see that enemy there, and Christ, the captain, calling me to to take the field against him. Let us go and make mankind Christians first, and then we will sit down and discuss whether they should be of our denomination or not. Long ere that, our bodies shall have been laid in their last repose, and our souls shall be leaning on the bosom of the Beloved in glory—and we shall all be of one heart; and Wesley, and Fuller, and Leighton, and Calvin, and Luther, shall be forgotten, and Christ alone remembered.

I am no metaphysician. I have no skill in splitting hairs. Nor am I a partisan. I don't belong exactly to either of the schools. I am something of an eclectic. There are many things about the old school that I like. I am of opinion that it is none the worse for being old. There are some things about the new school that I don't greatly object to. I suspect, after all that both the schools have the same Master, though in each, some things are learned, as is apt to be the case, which the Master does not teach. I think the scholars of both the schools ought to love one another. I am persuaded the Master loves both. I wish they would love each other, and leave off calling names, and dealing out sarcasm, and indulging suspicions of each other, and imputing a bad motive, when it is not certain but it might have been a good one. Oh, I wish they would; I desire it for charity's sake; I desire it too for truth's sake; for the way to think alike, is first to feel alike. Nothing tends more to make people of one mind than being of one heart. If they feel heart to heart, they will be apt to see eye to eye. I wish the brethren would, in putting matters right, begin at this end. We *have* tried the other end. I wish for the sake of sound doctrine that the brethren would love each other. For one I am determined to do so. I will not call any brother a fox, though he should have some degree of management about him; nor a *bear*, though he may not have all the civility in the world; nor a snake in the grass, because he does not reveal to me all his plans. If I really do fear, that any one called a brother bears none of the lineaments of the First Begotten, I will tell the Lord my fears, and pray for him; and before I have done at the throne of grace, I will say, 'Search *me*, O, God, and know *my* heart; try *me* and know *my* thoughts, and see if there be any wicked way in *me*.' NEVINS.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 23, 1837.

CONVENTION AT WORCESTER.

Our readers are aware that a Convention of Clergymen of the various religious denominations was recently held at Worcester, for the purpose of *expressing the sentiments of the Clergy of the County, on the subject of American Slavery.* This Convention assembled at Worcester on Tuesday Dec. 5th. The number in attendance was about *eighty*, rather more than one half of the whole number of Clergymen in the County.

The meeting was organized by choosing Rev. John Fiske, of New Braintree, *President.*

Rev. Thos. Snell, D. D., North Brookfield, Rev. Joseph Allen, Northborough, Rev. Geo. Waters, Holden, Rev. Thos. W. Tucker, Oxford, *Vice Presidents.*

Joseph S. Clarke, Samuel May, James Porter, *Secretaries*

George Allen, of Shrewsbury, Alonzo Hill, Worcester, John Nelson, Leicester, William P. Paine, Holden, Winthrop Morse, Brookfield, and David Peabody, Worcester, *Business Committee.*

Our limits permit us to give no more than a brief abstract of the most important remarks made on the occasion, by those on the one hand, who were most inclined to countenance and support *Abolitionists*, and by those who were decidedly opposed to the adoption of any resolutions, as the sense of the Convention, that should identify it with the Anti Slavery Societies.

Our authority is a Report published in the Worcester Palladium.

Mr Allen, from the business committee, submitted a report to be adopted as a *Declaration of the Sentiments of the Convention*, on the subject of Slavery.

The report having been read, the Rev. Mr Hill, of Worcester, one of the committee, rose and stated that he did not concur with the majority of the committee in its adoption for the consideration of the convention. He characterized it as a document drawn up with ability; but its language was too strong and denunciatory. It would go South and increase the disaffection which already prevails there towards the North. The adoption of the report of the committee would increase the influence of that class of the community, who, by agitating the subject of slavery, have created disquietude in families, neighborhoods, and parishes; and would involve the clergy in political questions, for the subject is one that is political in its character. Our pulpits must be opened for the discussion of political matters, and thus, wide-spread evils will be let in upon the community. He therefore presented the following Resolution as embodying the views of the minority of the committee.

'*Resolved*, That while we claim for ourselves and others the right of free discussion and expression of opinion on all subjects, yet we deem it inexpedient to act or express an opinion on such grave political questions as that of American Slavery at the present crisis.'

Dr Bancroft, of Worcester, said that he came into the convention with as strong views as any other member, of the magnitude of the evils of Slavery. They were immense; it is allowed on all hands. New States are joining us, to increase the evil, and extend its power. In these views all were united, and we have no need to express our opinions. But the great question is,—'What is the remedy?' And when the answer is given, another very important inquiry is, is the remedy for the evil within the province of the clergy. For himself he believed that emancipation must be, and would be the result, of principles that are now, and have been long in operation. They are silent but irresistible, though gradual in their operation. History affords innumerable examples of their powerful influence in ameliorating the condition and improving the character of civil society. The convention must permit him to ask,—What was the object of the Christian ministry?—and how has it been efficient in elevating civil society? By ministers confining themselves to the appropriate duties of their office; by inculcating those great principles of the Christian religion, which were designed to elevate human society, and which must have their effect when inculcated with the spirit of their divine author. The effects they have produced are visible throughout the civilized world—even on this very subject on which the convention has met to deliberate. Not a negro slave can now be found in the whole of Europe. The constitutions of every one of the South American States provide that slavery shall not exist under their authority. The great cause of human emancipation is going forward; the slaves every where know it; and the masters might as well say that the sun shall not shine on them when at work in their fields, as that they shall not know of the onward progress of emancipation. The knowledge which the slave thus gets, excites disquietude in the mind of the master with his condition, and will induce him to liberate his slaves. But as things are now constituted, we have no control over the subject, and therefore he could see no call for passing any resolutions, or the adoption of any report. The people are divided on the subject of abolition, and no matter on which side they may be, just so far as the minister differs from them, just so far he diminishes his influence among them. Whatever resolutions may be adopted, will produce disaffection in parishes, which will seriously impair the influence of the ministry. He hoped it would not be supposed by any of his brethren, that he desired to impose any restraint on the free expression of opinions. On all questions he was in favor of free and full discussion; but this was a case which in his view was to be decided by considerations of expediency as well as principle.

Those who were in favor of the Report of the majority expressed themselves as follows:

Mr Packard, of Spencer, expressed his entire approval of the report of the committee, and his readiness to vote for its acceptance. If we touch any evil that is sanctioned by civil law, we touch a political subject—no matter whether it be intemperance or its kindred vices, or the great evil of Slavery. His own course he regarded as a plain one. Whatever evil the civil law sanctioned, the minister had a right to discuss, and by doing so we do not go out of the path of duty which our office imposes upon us.

Mr Peabody, of Worcester, said that his brother from Spencer, had expressed his own views with reference to the subject as a political question. Clergymen are citizens as well as ministers; and they are not to be debarred from touching the subject of Slavery by the declaration that it is a political question, because in his view it is a great question of morals as well as of politics.

Mr Paine, of Holden, expressed his approval of the report of the committee. True it does speak of Slavery in strong terms; but we must look at it as we find it, and if we find extreme cases of cruelty and oppression, we must describe them as the natural consequences of the system. We do the same on all other questions. If we wish to paint the evils of intemperance, we take an extreme case. When we wish to present the character of Popery, we point out its strong features.

Mr Nelson, of Leicester, said, Slavery is a great evil in the country: the clergy are watchmen; they see the evil; have they not something more than a right to speak? He had seen much to dislike in the movements of the abolition societies; but as the subject of Slavery was before him, he was desirous of bearing his testimony against the evil. It seemed to him to be called for at this time; for there appeared to be a strange combination against freedom of opinion, free discussion, and the liberty of the press.

Mr Trask hoped the report would be adopted as it came from the committee, without being marred or mutilated. It is said that it is denunciatory. It is true that it is denuciatory in some respects, but it denounces Slavery and not the slaveholders. He would treat them kindly, at the same time denounce the sin

which they uphold. It is said also that it will only produce an excitement. He was in favor of a holy excitement. We can accomplish nothing without it. It is said, likewise, that we shall involve the clergy in politics. He ever had been, and ever meant to be a politician—a christian politician—on all questons that involve matters on which it was his duty as a christian minister to speak. It had been said, also, that if we let Slavery alone, the great principles of the christian religion will work out its abolition. We believe it, and we mean to give them a jog. For himself he did not like preaching generalities. The lightnings of truth must be concentrated; but when they are so, let the bolt come and strike, annihilating the sin on which it falls. He would speak with kindness, but yet in a manner, if possible, that should cause the truth to be felt.

At a later period in the discussion, Rev. Mr Hill of W, gave a full explanation of the Reasons which had induced the minority of the business committee to dissent from the views of the majority.

The minority, he said, regretted as deeply as any one could, that slavery existed in the land, and cherished as strong desires as any one could for its entire abolition. But while they agreed with the majority in the great principles of opposition to it, and desire for its removal, they were compelled to dissent from the measures they proposed for its extinction, and from the spirit of their report. The report of the majority was denunciatory in its spirit, and uncompromising in the measures it proposed.

In all enterprizes where good is to be effected, we are to look at the policy and expediency of our measures; and not rush heedless of consequences, in a struggle for right. The example of Jesus Christ is ever before us, and especially with reference to the subject of slavery. In his time slavery existed in its worst forms; but there was nothing denunciatory in the language or conduct of Christ and his Apostles towards those who were slaveholders. While he believed that Christianity would ultimately, but certainly effect the entire abolition of slavery, he felt, he said, constrained to act with reference to the circumstances in which he found himself. It was with him a settled conviction, that whatever efforts were made for the extinction of slavery, to be effectual, must be made by the slaveholders themselves, or with their co-operation. *We* can do nothing until we induce them to engage in the matter. The report of the majority of the committee partakes so largely of the emanations of the antislavery societies, it can have no favorable influence on the minds of slaveholders. They have already produced among them great heart-burnings, and a deep spirit of hostility, amounting almost to a phrenzy. Send forth this report as the declaration of the sentiments of the ministers of the country, and its only effect on the people of the south will be, to exasperate them still more. By so doing, it will aggravate the evil of slavery still more, and postpone the period of ultimate emancipation. Similar productions have already wrought out great mischief. Before the antislavery societies were organized and commenced their operations, there were movements made by slaveholders in one or two States towards emancipation. Those movements are all checked. Who now, in a slave State, speaks out for emancipation? Not a voice is heard throughout the whole South. A few years ago there were Sabbath schools for the instruction of slaves; but now they are not permitted; and it was but the day previous that he saw a letter from a clergyman at the South, beseeching the people of the North to let alone the subject, because he could not now, in the midst of the excitement that prevails, gather the blacks about him, even to teach them the scriptures. There is a deep hostility there towards the North—stronger than can be excited on any other subject. Shall we increase that hostility? It is the part of wisdom, not to say of common prudence, to seek to allay and subdue it.

The report of the committee would identify the convention with the antislavery societies, and will therefore do no good, but unixed mischief. He had full faith in the efficacy of the principles of the Christian religion to extirpate slavery. Whoever travels South, must be satisfied that slavery cannot in the nature of things continue to exist. It wastes the fertility of the soil; and seems to blight whatever it touches. Even the grass will not grow freely. It was a great evil—a heavy curse upon a people—but he had full faith that God in his own good time would open the way for its removal; and therefore he would consider well what measures he adopted, and especially be cautious that nothing should be done to retard the progress of emancipation.

The convention voted with great unanimity one resolution, recognizing the right of pastors to judge each for his own place and sphere, what kind of measures ought to be adopted to further the cause of anti-slavery. Another resolution was passed with but one dissenting vote, expressing the sense of the convention touching the *sin* of slavery.

A committee was appointed at the close of the session to call another meeting within six weeks of the time of adjournment.

The result of the Convention, was any thing but unanimity and harmony. Its proceedings were not throughout characterised by a spirit of Christian moderation, charity and wisdom. We are not aware that any good will accrue from it to the cause of Liberty or of Christian love.

The great moral which it forces up on our own mind is, that, if *ministers of the Gospel*, (even when the eyes of an enlightened community are upon them) cannot, at present, among themselves, discuss the question of American Slavery without undue warmth, and acrimony of feeling and bitterness of language, then it is a clear case that they have no right to expect that they can bring the question, in its objectionable shape, before their congregations, and be listened to with patience and composure. And, still further, the doings of the convention plainly teach us that both ministers and people need a large increase of the true Christian spirit, more than they need to be lectured, excited and called together upon the subject of Abolition, and before they can be prepared to discourse, and to act upon this matter in a mode that shall commend itself to wisdom, peace, and charity--to the God and Father of all, or in a way that shall assuredly accomplish the emancipation of our African Brothers, while it enlightens, elevates, and saves those who hold them in oppression.

We would sacrifice as much in behalf of freedom as any other man, and are not backward to lift up our feeble voice against oppression; but we see so many immediately about us who are in bondage, stern and deplorable, to the dominion of sin and uncharitableness, that we are afraid to turn all our warfare against the slave states, lest, meanwhile, the adversary should completely embroil us, and overwhelm us at home.

If any choose to set the cause of the Abolition of American slavery above and before *Christ*, as the platform and corner stone of the Church, and the test of Christian character and acceptance with God, they can do so: but we will rather preach Christ, and put him foremost, and uppermost, and expect and contend for emancipation, in, and through, and under Him and His spirit.

We know that slavery cannot abide where the spirit and religion of Christ really prevails —but we also know that freedom may exist with, and be preached in an *anti-Christian* temper.

And if we understand anything of the peril that besets us, as a people, it arises from the very prospect that Christianity will not keep pace with freedom; to purify, and pacify, and establish us in virtue and in the fear of God.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the A. U. A. on Thursday the 21st. interesting letters were read from, Mr Russell at Lancaster, N. H. and from Mr Huntington at Tremont Ill., giving favorable accounts of their separate missionary labors and of the prospects of Liberal Christianity in the different fields, where they are at work.

Votes were passed, appropriating $100 to Mr Clarke in aid of the Western Messenger; $200, for Missionary purposes, in the state of Missouri, and 100, for the same purposes, in Illinois.

A resolution was also passed, to employ Rev. Alonzo Hill as a missionary, on his return from Havana, through the Western States, in the spring. Several other appropriations were made in favor of feeble societies, and in support of several missionaries who are laboring successfully in the cause, both in New England and the west.

An interesting correspondence is being held with the Secretary of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association: and, in consequence of a particular request from our friends in England, a large number of the Tracts of the A. U. A. and other Pamphlets have been forwarded to that country.

THE BIBLE IN SPAIN.

Our Readers are aware of the efforts which have been made by the British and Foreign Bible Society to circulate the Bible in Spain.

We learn that the Romish Priests have at length been successful in their endeavors to oppose and check the project operations of the Friends of Truth.

The Agent of the B. & F. Bible Society has published in the '*Archives du Christianisme*' an appeal on this occasion, from which we gather that permission has been refused him to introduce even a few copies for individuals who may be in want of them; and that the printers whom he had engaged have been refused permission to prosecute the undertaking.

He states, moreover the astounding fact, that up to the year 1836 there had been printed in Spain only 17,000 copies of the Bible, (and those altered) which were sold at the extravagant price of $50 to $80 a copy. In immediate contrast with this lamentable fact, he makes the glorious statement that in the short space of three years, the Bible Society of London—a society organized by individuals in their private capacity, and sustained entirely by voluntary subscriptions and donations—has procured to be printed, in more than 160 languages, and to be distributed throughout the known world, nearly 11,000,000 copies of the Holy Scriptures, and this at prices not only not exceeding the expense of publication, but vastly below.

We regret to learn that our esteemed Brother the Rev. Alonzo Hill of Worcester has been compelled, by symptoms of pulmonary disease, to leave his duties for a season. He has sailed with his wife for Havana.

We have received a communication relating to a '*School for English classical Poetry*,' which is about to be opened in this city by David Fosdick Jr, which shall receive attention next week.

THE LADY'S ANNUAL REGISTER, and Housewife's Memorandum Book, for 1838, by Caroline Gilman, Published in Boston by T. H. Carter.

The design of this book is thus stated in the Advertisement.

It is the design of the Lady's Annual Register to furnish a useful remembrancer to accompany the American housekeeper through the several months of the year, and by timely suggestions to aid her in her various duties—to present a record of all improvements and useful inventions in cookery, cooking apparatus, &c.,—in short, of whatever may be particularly interesting to housekeepers,—to furnish a convenient receptacle for such recipes and memorandums as it is desirable to preserve—and by judicious and well written articles (mostly original) intended both for amusement and instruction, to render the work an agreeable as well as useful companion in every house.

It is a neat, pleasant and useful book.

Stories for Children, illustrating some of the commandments, with Engravings. No. II. Boston: S. G. Simpkins, 79 Court st. 1838.

The first No. of this little book appeared about a year ago, and was favorably spoken of by experienced Sunday School Teachers.

The present No. contains Illustrations of the Divine Commandments 'Remember the Sabbath day, &c.' 'Honor thy Father and Mother,' 'Thou shalt not kill,' and 'Thou shalt not covet.'

The stories are well suited for the minds of young children, and the book will be a valuable addition to Juvenile Libraries.

Lectures on the Atheistic Controversy; delivered at Sion Chapel, Bradford, Yorkshire. By the Rev. B. Godwin, D. D. Author of Lectures on Slavery. With an Appendix to the American Edition. 'Having no hope, and without God in the world.'—Eph. ii. 12. Second American Edition. London: Published by Jackson & Walford—Edinburgh: Waugh & Innes. Boston, Hillard, Gray & Co.

We are surprised to learn that this very useful and powerfully written book has not met with a sale at all commensurate with its merits.

The American Editor deserves much praise for having incurred the trouble and risk of its republication. The book has been very favorably noticed in the *N. A Review*, the *Christian Examiner*, &c; and all who have read it have derived benefit from its pages.

'The work is prepared in a manner so systematic and scientific, that it is well calculated for a class-book for the oldest class in Sunday schools. To be read and admired, it is necessary only that it should be known—and the friends of religion and the improvement of mankind cannot render them a better service, than by giving it notoriety and a general circulation.'

The Apprentice; containing Examples and Warnings. Boston: James B. Dow.

Our Readers will find on our last page, one of the ten stories contained in this book, which are generally well told, and enforce good morals. Those who give themselves the pleasure of perusing the tale which we have transcribed for the profit and pleasure of our Readers, will require no other recommendation of the work.

Rose Graham: A Christmas and New Year's Gift, for Sunday School Scholars. Boston: Benjamin H. Greene.

This is a neat little book, that both by its exterior and its contents, will afford pleasure to the young minds for whose instruction and entertainment it has been prepared.

The Teacher's Present for 1838. Boston: Weeks, Jordan & Co.

This interesting little book is intended as a cheap present for the pupils of our Sunday Schools; for which purpose it has been prepared by an experienced and successful Teacher, and is admirably well adapted.

The Sacred Offering. A poetical gift. Boston: published, by Joseph Dowe. 1838.

This is the second volume; and like the former, consists of selections from a series of volumes, published in England and edited by Mrs Jevons, daughter of the late Wm. Roscoe.

CONGRESS.

In the Senate, on Tuesday, several petitions, including a number against the admission of Texas to the Union, were presented and referred. The bill introduced by Mr Davis, establishing the Relief Squadron, was reported by the the committee of Commerce, read a third time, and passed to be engrossed. Several reports were presented and ordered to be printed, and the Senate adjourned.

In the House of Representatives, Mr Adams presented the memorial of 239 women of Plymouth, remonstrating against the admission of Texas, and moved that said memorial, with a large number of similar memorials presented at the last session and laid on the table, be referred to a select committee, with Instructions to report thereon. Mr Howard moved a reference to the committee on Foreign Affairs. The subject lies over one day, with motions for the like reference of other similar memorials.

Mr Adams presented the memorial of sundry women of Plymouth, praying for the abolition of Slavery in the District of Columbia, and moved that it be referred to the committee on the District. Mr Wise moved that it be laid on the table, which motion was agreed to, yeas 135, nays 70. The presentation and reference of petitions was continued.

In the Senate, on Wednesday, Messrs. Black, Southard, Sevier and Lumpkin appeared and took their seats. Bills were introduced, to encourage the employment of boys in the U. S. Navy—to extend the privilege of copyright to foreign authors—to make appropriations for the Cumberland road through Wisconsin, and also several private bills.

The bill remitting duties on goods destroyed by fire at New York, was passed to be engrossed. The bill establishing a relief squadron, was read a third time and passed.

In the House of Representatives, after the journal was read this morning, Mr Fletcher of Massachusetts rose and asked leave of the House to make a statement in regard to a publication which appeared in the Globe of last night, signed by Messrs. McKim, Hamer, Jones, Atherton, and Rhett, containing remarks upon a speech purporting to have been delivered by him in Faneuil Hall, Boston, and published in the Boston Atlas.

Leave having been granted, Mr Fletcher proceeded at some length to explain the circumstances in relation to this business.

Texas. The unfinished business of yesterday was then taken up, being the motion of Mr Adams, to refer all the petitions, remonstrating against the annexation of Texas to the Union.

Mr Adams made a long and elaborate speech in support of this motion, in which he contended strenuously against the reference to the Committee on Foreign Affairs, on the ground that six of the members of that committe were slaveholders—and had therefore made up their minds on the question which was proposed to be submitted to them.

Mr Adams commented very freely upon the morality of slavery, and was called to order for it by Mr Legare, who appealed most earnestly to Mr Adams to postpone any discussion of that subject for the present.

Great excitement prevailed, and loud cries of 'Go on' were uttered from different parts of the hall, especially from the Southern members.

Mr Rhett said he hoped Mr Adams would be permitted to go on; as it was out of the question that Southern gentlemen could now submit to the language used, without reply.

Mr Adams proceeded; but having alluded to Lovejoy and the Alton affair, with great heat, the Speaker peremptorily called him to order. (Great excitement.) After some exclamations and conversation of Southern members, indicative of their determination to reply, if possible, Mr Adams was again permitted to go on, and was proceeding in a speech, distinguished by extraordinary vehemence, when the mail closed.

In the Senate, on Thursday, Mr Bayard offered a resolution for rescinding the expunging resolution passed by the Senate Jan. 16, 1837, with a preamble. Mr Bayard made some remarks in favor of the resolution, and moved that it be laid on the table and printed for the use of the Senate. After some remaks by Mr Buchanan, in reply, who did not oppose the motion, it was agreed to.

The bill authorizing a drawback on imported hemp manufactured for export, was read a third time; and on motion of Mr Davis, laid on the table.

Mr Allen introduced a resolution, for the amendment of the Constitution relative to the election of President and Vice President of the U. States. Referred to select committee, and ordered to be printed.

Adjourned until Monday.

In the House of Representatives, Mr Briggs, of Mass, was appointed to the vacancy in the Committee of Ways and Means, occasioned by the resignation of Mr Fletcher.

The House took up the the Senate's bill to authorize the Presidents of the United States to cause public vessels to be employed on the coast during the winter season, and to relieve distressed seamen, which was read the third time and passed without amendment.

Of this bill the Globe of Thursday says;—'it is by this time a law.'

In the House of Representatives, on Friday, there was a debate in committee of the whole on the question of referring the various topics of the President's Message to the standing committees, and particularly on the resolution to refer the parts relating to finance to the committee of Ways and Means, and on the manner in which that committee has discharged its duties. The resolution was opposed by Mr Wise, and supported by Mr Haynes. Messrs. Bond, of Ohio, Reed, Boon, and Ewing followed in the debate. Before the question was taken, the committee rose. On motion of Mr Adams, the House adjourned to Monday, having previously granted the use of the Representatives' Chamber on Saturday to Mr Wolff, for the purpose of delivering a lecture.

Mr Evans, of Maine, has introduced a bill authorizing and requiring the President to appoint proper officers, and to cause the North Eastern boundary line as defined in the treaty of '83, to be run and defined by marks and and monuments.

INTELLIGENCE.

Lower Canada.—The Boston Daily Advertiser says:—By the following intelligence, received last evening from a source which has heretofore been considered as over-partial to the patriot cause, it will be seen that all the hopes which have been predicated on the general and successful rising of the French population of the Canadas, have given way, and that, so far as Lower Canada is concerned, the strife is over.

Free Press Office, Burlington, Dec 12.

Appearances now warrent the belief that the Canada war is at an end, for the present. We have good reason for believing that there is at the present moment no embodied armed force in the lower Province in opposition to the government. During the past week the troops have passed through the disturbed district, without opposition, visiting St Dennis, Saint Charles, and St. Hiacinth,—burning the property of Nelson and other obnoxious individuals. The gathering at Lake of Two Mountains, it is also said, have dispersed. The proclamation of martial law in the district of Montreal, and the offer of large rewards for the arrest of the leading patriots, has driven a large number across the line into the States. Among others, Mr T. S. Brown arrived at this place on Monday. It is now rendered very certain that the late movement in Canada was an event not anticipated by the leading radicals, and, of course, not provided for. There seems to have been no concert among the head men, and nothing of that kind of preparation necessary to sustain and carry on a revolutionary movement. Mr Papineau, as we now learn, has been in no way cognizant of what has taken place at St Dencis and St Charles, and up to the present time, his location is not known.

Emigrants to Liberia.—On the 3d inst. the ship Emperor, Capt. Keeler, sailed from Norfolk for Liberia, with about 100 emigrants, mostly from the estates of the late Rev. John Stockdell, of Madison Co Va., and John Smith, of Essex Co. in the same State, who left them free by their wills, with sufficient funds to defray the expenses of their voyage and settlement in Africa. The agent of the American Colonization Society, who attended to the embarkation of these colored people, thus speaks of them, in his letter to the Managers of the Society: 'These emigrants are very orderly and well-behaved, and I have no doubt will prove to be among the most industrious farmers that have ever been sent to Africa. They went off in perfect health and good spirits.' Dr Skinner, (late Governor of Liberia,) and his daughter Mary, sailed, in the Emperor: the former as Physician, and the latter as a Teacher. They were also accompanied by the Rev. Mr Barton, a Missionary of the Methodist Church.—*Nat. Intelligencer.*

Diseases of the Lungs.—Since the Boston infirmary for diseases of the lungs was opened, it is surprising to observe the number seeking advice at that institution. A large proportion of the applicants are young persons. We were struck with the evident tendency to inflammation of the lungs in this region of country, years ago, but had no just idea of the amount of hereditary disease of those life-preserving organs, till we had listened over and over again to the melancholy details of patients, how their grandfathers, grandmothers, fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters, had been swept away by that scourge of New England, pulmonary consumption. The late lamented Dr Spurzheim always spoke with peculiar boldness on the subject of the intermarriage of persons actually diseased, as well as those descended from parents in whom a family tendency existed to phthisis. Now the fact is established, beyond all contradiction, that children born of parents whose lungs are tuberculous or ulcerated, will, in a majority of cases, have the same fearful malady. Ought not the suggestion, then, of that accurate observer of man in all the phases of life, from infancy to age, in respect to matrimonial alliances, at least, to have some influence in all intelligent communities?

Boston Medical Journal.

An interesting case has recently been decided in Kentucky. It was the petition for freedom on the part of a woman, who alleged that she was 'white' It was established that she had been held in bondage from infancy until about two years ago, and had been liberated on a writ of *habeas corpus*. The report of the trial does not state what was the evidence in regard to the color of the mother of the woman; and it seems that such evidence was decided by the Judge who presided as inadmissible—for it is said that the court excluded all evidence founded on reputation, and placed the verdict of the jury on the presence or absence of any of the characteristics of the African. None of these appearing to the jury, their verdict was in favor of the woman, and she was set free.

The Straits of Magellan.—The following extract of a letter from the journal of an officer on board the United States ship North Carolina, now in the Pacific, we copy from the last number of the Army and Navy Chronicle:—

The time is not far distant when the passage to the pacific, by the doubling of Capo Horn, will be almost totally neglected, and that by the straits of Magellan universally adopted. I am aware that this idea will be looked upon as chimerical; but how many thousands of things have come to pass, and been rendered practicable, which, at first, were scarcely thought of as problematical. The passage through the Straits of Magellan, averages from three to five days, and is easy and perfectly safe; while that by the way of Cape Horn, from Cape Virgins on the east, to Cape Victoria on the west sides of South America, is from 15, 20, 25, 30, 35, and 40 days; and although not dangerous, is any thing but pleasant. It is to me perfectly absurd to send schooners, brigs, and sloops, to the Pacific, by the doubling of Cape Horn. And after the passage through the Straits of Magellan shall have become better known, its absurdity will appear to every one in its true light.

Foreign.—English papers to Nov. 3d, have been received. They do not contain any important English news. We select the following as given in the Transcript.

The city was much occupied in preparations for the visit of the Queen, and the dinner at the Town Hall, which was to take place on the 9th. The Lord Mayor elect, John Gowan, had been presented to the Queen, and the election was approved. The papers are filled, as usual, with the details of the Queen's movements and doings. It is stated that her Majesty had expressed her wish that, at the approaching festival at Guildhall, the ladies should appear in dresses of British manufacture.

A statement made by the corporation of the Grand Junction Railway, states that from July 4th, to the 4th of October, 144,818 persons have been conveyed on the road, at a cost of £72,000 less than they would have paid had they travelled in coaches. Not a single accident had occurred on the road during that time.

The Messrs. Stephenson have built a locomotive capable of drawing 150 tons at a speed of over fifty miles per hour.

The ship Colonist, of 500 tons, from London for Barbadoes, with a large number of passengers, had been totally destroyed by fire off Portsmouth. Loss estimated at over £60,000! The crew and passengers were all saved with difficulty.

The French papers contain the particulars of the capture by assault, of the town of Constantine, on the morning of Oct. 13, and of the death of Count Demremont, who was killed by a cannon ball on the 12th. The loss of the French in the assault was 97 killed, and 494 wounded. Among the killed were 15 officers, and 33 officers were wounded. Gen. Perregaux was wounded by a musket ball in the head. The conduct of the Duc de Nemours was spoken of in the highest terms. He astonished the army by his intrepidity and presence of mind.

The cholera at Rome had entirely subsided. The number of victims was estimated at 10,000, of a population of 150,000, of whom 20,000 at least, sought safety in flight.

Later from England.—By an arrival at New York we have London papers of Nov. 5. We give the following from the Transcript.

The water broke into the Thames tunnel again, on the morning of Nov 3d, and one of the workmen lost his life. The others, 70 in number, escaped.

The leading whig papers in England are now making vigorous war upon the dignitaries of the established Church.

A meeting was held at Birmingham on the 30th of October, at which a petition to the Queen was agreed upon, praying for a charter of incorporation. It will probably be granted, and Birmingham thus becomes a city.

On the 31st of October the General Irish Association was dissolved, on motion of Daniel O'Connell, by the adoption of the following resolution, which was carried by acclamation:

Resolved, That, impressed with the most lively gratitude to the Earl of Mulgrave for his firm, manly, humane, and perfectly impartial administration of the Government in Ireland, and reposing unlimited confidence in the sincere and unequivocal disposition of her Majesty's present Ministers to do justice to Ireland by placing her on a footing of equality with England and Scotland: but above all, and before all, filled with most respectful and dutiful gratitude to her Most Gracious Majesty for the enlightened and patriotic policy which has distinguished the commencement of her auspicious reign, we do, under these circumstances, deem it a proof of our confidence in the existing Administration to declare that this Association is dissolved, devolving the carrying out of its purposes into full effect on the Irish popular Members, in aid and support of the Queen's Government.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Mr George Gurney to Miss Almira, daughter of Mr Samuel Richardson.

In this city, Mr Josephus Morton to Miss Sarah Lewis.

In this city, Mr William Miller to Miss Charlotte A Cram, of Parsonsfield, Me.

On Sunday last, at Christ Church, by Rev. Mr Croswell, Mr Henry Clay to Miss Catharine, daughter of Mr Frederic Hughes.

In Charlestown, 6th inst. Addison Dodge, Esq. of Bluehill, Me. to Miss Mary Newell, of this city.

In Roxbury, Mr Samuel Dudley to Miss Mary E. Gay.

In Wellington, by Rev. Mr Norwood, Mr Joseph W. Leland to Miss Martha Carter, both of Cambridge.

In Quincy, Mr George H. French to Miss Eliza E. Thayer.

In Hingham, Mr Ebed Sprague to Miss Lydia J. Lincoln; Mr Jedediah Newcomb to Miss Rachael Burr.

In Walpole, Mr Jotham Morse, of Walpole, to Miss Comfort Thomson, of Boston.

In Washington, Lieut. Murray Mason, United States Navy, to Miss Clara C., daughter of the Hon. John Forsyth.

In Tremont, Ill., Mr Henry A. Sumwalt, of Montezuma, to Miss Ann B., daughter of Capt. Henry B. Sampson, formerly of Duxbury.

In Florence, 14th Oct., at the English Minister's, Horatio Greenough, Esq. to Miss Louisa L., daughter of the late John Gore, Esq.—all of this city.

DEATHS.

In this city on the 17th inst. George Strong, youngest son of E. Hasket Derby, Esq. 10 months.

Lucy Richards, wife of Mr Anson Dexter.

In South Boston, Mr Samuel Glover, of Dorchester, 68.

In Cambridge, on Sunday, in the 82 year of her age, Mrs Elizabeth, relict of the late Edward H. Robbins, of Milton.

In Charlestown, 15th inst. Mr Seth Tucker, 52.

In Malden, 11th inst. Mary C., wife of Caleb Wait, and daughter of John Sprague, 24.

On the 14th inst. in the McLean Asylum, at Charlestown, Mass., of Epilepsy, Dr Joseph Chapman, of Connecticut.

In Dorchester, Capt. Joshua Lewis, 45.

At Newton, on the 14th inst. Mrs Priscilla Davenport, 87.

In Amherst, Dr Rufus Cowls.

In Exeter, N. H., 5th inst., Joseph Tilton, M.D., 94, a naval surgeon in the revolutionary war.

In Readfield, Me. Nov. 29, Mr John Jewett, aged about 95, a native of Pepperell, Mass.

In the New-York Hospital, Oct. 22, Arthur O. Tisdale, of Massachusetts.

In New-York, 11th inst., Miss Mary D. Birch, 23, formerly of Boston.

In Baltimore, Mrs Elizabeth Ann, wife of Lieut. Gabriel G. Williamson, of the U S N. 22.

In Detroit, Michigan, 8th ult. of scarlet fever, Mr Franklin Pollard, late of Harvard, Mass. 26.

In Fredericton, N. B., of consumption, Mrs Charlotte M., wife of Rev. Frederick W. Miles, and daughter of Elijah Mears, Esq., of this city 24.

At River Gambia, Coast of Africa, Nov. 24, Mr Allen, mate of brig Quill, of Salem.

At Penang, Sumatra, July 21, Mr George Edward Channing, 22 supercargo of ship Alciope, and eldest son of Mr George G. Channing, of this city; July 15th, Capt. Francis A Thompson, commander of the Alciope.

In Smyrna, Asia Minor, 6th April last, Mr Eleotherius Mengous. As his only son, Mr Peter Mengous, if alive, is probably in some part of America, and his widowed mother desires his return, editors will please insert this notice. Any communication containing information desired, may be addressed to the Editors of the N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

DR CHANNING'S SERMON.

JUST published at this office, Dr Channing's Sermon, on the Death of Rev. Dr Worcester.
dec. 16

NEW BOOKS,

SAMUEL SLICK, of Slickville, 1 vol
The Old Commodore, by Marryat, 2 vols
Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia, &c. 2 ed.
Never Despair.
The Palfreys.
The Mountain Cottage.
The Lady's Annual Register, by Mrs Gilman.
The Music of Nature, by Gardiner,
Carey on Wealth,
Everett's Mechanic Address, &c. &c., for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington st.
d16

ANNUALS FOR 1838.—A complete assortment, from fifty cents to twenty dollars each, among them are,
Pearls of the East, 4to.
Book of Gems, 3 vols 8vo.
Flowers of Loveliness, 4to.
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PITKIN'S SERMONS.—Just published at the office of the Christian Register—Sermons by Rev J. B. Pitkin, late Pastor of the Independent Christian Church in Richmond, Va., with a memoir of the Author, by Rev. S. G. Bulfinch.
Also for sale by C. S. Francis, New York, Kay & Brother, Philadelphia, and L. Reed & Co. Baltimore.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

MR. RUSSELL'S second course of weekly Lectures, commences at Chauncey Hall, on the evening of Saturday, 6th Jan'y, at 7 o'clock.
The Lectures embrace criticisms and biographical notices, with the reading or recitation of characteristic passages.
Tickets for the course (of six lectures) are $2,—for three persons $3—for single evenings, 50 cents,—may be had at the bookstore of Wm. D. Ticknor, or at the door of the hall
The lectures of the second course are distinct from those of the first.
Boston Dec. 23, 1837.

THE STAGE COACH. *No 16 Temperance Tales*—The Stage Coach, founded on fact. Just published—for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO.

THE LITERARY AND SCIENTIFC CLASS BOOK—by Rev. Levi W. Leonard; embracing the leading facts and principles of Science, illustrated by handsome engravings, with words explained at the heads of the chapters, and questions annexed for examination; designed as exercises for the reading and study of the higher classes in common schools, in fact, to raise the standard of common school education. Few books from the American press have received higher or more deserved recommendations, from the first literary characters. We need only mention the following—The United States Literary Gazette, the American Journal of Education, Prof. Hale, now of Dartmouth College, Dr Adams, author of the New Arithmetic, &c., the late Prof. Carter, author of Letters from Europe, &c., H. G. Spofford, author of the New York Gazetteer, and several eminent Ministers of the Gospel. Full bound, 384 pages, retail price 62 1-2 cts.
☞ The Knickerbocker, for the present month, says, 'School Literature is taking a wider range than formerly. Even in common Schools, by the introduction of such a work as the *Scientific Class Book*, as a reading book, two important objects would be secured at the same time; while youth are learning to read with propriety, their minds will also be stored with many of the principles of natural philosophy, astronomy, chemistry, botany, and political economy, with other important subjects.' 'Too much light reading, it should never be forgotten, is exceedingly well calculated to make light heads. Works for the youth of our Schools, should be filled with substantial and systematic knowledge.'
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3t d 23

SEQUEL TO EASY LESSONS.—The selection of Reading Lessons for Common Schools, by Rev. Mr Leonard, author of the Literary and Scientific Class Book, and North American Spelling Book, is spoken of every where, by good judges, as the very best book of the kind extant, as an intermediate book, between the Easy Lessons and Readers, and those of the higher class of reading books, such as the National Reader, English Reader, &c. It contains 216 pages on good paper, and neatly got up, at the very low price of 25 cents single, and $2 50 per dozen. Teachers and Committees are invited to examine this work. For sale by CROCKER & BREWSTER, Washington st.
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d 23

NORTH AMERICAN SPELLING BOOK—With a progressive series of easy Reading Lessons. By Levi W. Leonard, author of he Scientific Class Book, and Sequel to Easy Lessons.
'This little work is somewhat beyond the range of our accustomed studies. But we cannot deny ourselves the satisfaction of saying, that as far as we are able to form an idea of what a Spelling Book should be, this is precisely that thing.'—*N. A Review.*
Published by GOULD, KENDALL & LINCOLN, Boston, and GEO. TILDEN, Keene N. H.
5t d 23

JOSEPH DOWE, Publisher, Bookseller and Stationer, 130 Washington street.
Publishes the following books which are done up in rich bindings, suitable for Christmas and New Year's Presents viz:
The Good Life, edited by Rev. Dr Brazer.
Religious Consolation, by Rev. E. S. Gannett.
The Sacred Offering, by Mrs Jevans, and others—with a variety of Juvenile Books &c., suitable for the season. Also this day published
The Sacred Offering for 1838—a valuable present for Christmas and the New Year. d 23

PRESENTS FOR THE NEW YEAR.
ANNUALS—Friendships Offering, Token, Christian Keepsake, Affections Gift, Youths Keepsake, Parlor Scrap Book.
JUVENILE BOOKS, among which are the following.—A Love Token for Children, Stories for Children illustrating some of the Commandments, Rustic Excursions, Wreath, Teacher's Present, Little Lamb, Parley's Universal History a new and beautiful book, The Palfrey's, Young Man's Evening Book, Rollo at Work, Rollo at Play, Robert Ramble's Sketch Book, Girls Own Book, Boys Own Book, Little Sketch Book, My Little Hymn Book, The Mountain Cottage, Stories and Rhymes for Children, Pictures and Stories for Children, with a large collection of English colored Toy Books.
ALSO,—The Young Ladies' Friend, Young Man's Friend, Young Man's Aid, Mrs Hemans' Poems, H. More's Works, Miss Leslie's Pencil Sketches 3d series, Young Lady Abroad by H. More, Moral and Religious Selections, The Sunday School Guide, &c
BIBLES—A good assortment of large and small Bibles some in elegant binding and beautiful type.
LIKEWISE, Dissected pictures, Albums, Portfolio's, Pencil Cases, Pocket Books, &c.
For sale by S G. SIMPKINS, Court street corner of Brattle street. d 23

RECOLLECTIONS OF A SOUTHERN MATRON, by Caroline Gilman author of Recollections of a New England Housekeeper.
Advent a Mystery, by Arthur Cleaveland Cox.
The Apprentice, containing Examples and Warnings.
The Stage Coach, founded on fact, being No. 16, Temperance Tales.
A Love Token for Children, designed for Sunday School Libraries, by the author of the Linwood's, Live and Let Live, &c. &c.
For sale at the Literary Rooms, 121 Washington st.
d 23 WEEKS, JORDAN & CO.

THE FLOWER FADED. A short Memoir of Clementine Cuvier daughter of Baron Cuvier with a portrait on steel. Just published and for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington st.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A SOUTHERN MATRON, by Caroline Gilman, Author of Recollections of a New England Housekeeper, The Lady's Annual Register &c., just received by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington st. dec 23

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'A work which should be carefully read by every Sabbath School Teacher.'
For sale at TICKNOR'S, corner of Washington and School streets. d 23

MISS SEDGWICK'S NEW BOOK.—A Love Token for Children, designed for Sunday School Libraries, by the author of Home, Hope Leslie, Live and Let Live, &c.
Contents. The Widow Ellis and her Son Willie: The Magic Lamp: Our Robins: Old Rover: The Chain of Love: Mill Hill: Mill Hill, part 2, &c.
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d 23 134 Washington street.

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For sale by Henry L. Daggett. No. 206 Washington street. 4tis dec 16

WORKS IN ELEGANT BINDINGS, ILLUSTRATED.—Landscape--Historical illustrations of Scotland and the Waverly novels, from drawings by Turner, 1 vol. 4to.
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POETRY.

[From the Gentleman's Magazine.]

THE EARLY DEAD.

BY J. H. MIFFLIN, PHILADELPHIA.

Blest the dead, the early dead!
Tears for them shall not be shed—
Mercy gives a gentle doom,
Leads them to the sheltering tomb,
While the sky of life is bright,
Ere the coming on of night;
Those that linger long shall know
Storm and darkness, cold and snow;
But secure in peaceful rest,
Lie the early dead—the blest?

From the spring-time bow'rs they fled,
Ere one glossy leaf was dead;
While the bee was on the flow'r,
While the bird sang in the bow'r;
Fragrance floating all around,
Mingled with delicious sound—
We shall know them melt away,
They shall mourn not their decay;
Birds shall sing, and roses bloom
O'er the early envied tomb!

Gone! with buoyant hearts and young,
But, to tones of rapture strung!
Ere the jarring notes of care
Mingled discord with despair—
They shall feel no pow'rs decline,
See not strength nor beauty pine;
Know not friends to death depart;
Never mourn for treachery's smart—
Happy dead!—escaped from pain
All must feel who yet remain!

Better than the best of life
Is a respite from its strife—
Those that live shall sigh for death;
Draw in pain their lingering breath;
But no pang shall ever grieve
Sleep of yours—too sweet to leave.
When the 'life of life' is o'er,
Life has only death in store—
Joy for those, and triumph high,
Blessed dead, who early die!

THE FLOWER AND STAR.

The Flower beheld the Star above,
And long'd to reach its airy love,
But long'd in vain. A dew drop fell
Into the soft and fragrant cell;
And then the star was imaged there,
As if it dropt from upper air;
And gliding down from Heaven has come
To find on earth a kindred home.

WHERE TO LOOK.

Bend not thy light-desiring eyes below;
There thy own shadow waits upon thee ever;
But raise thy looks above to Heaven, and lo!
The shadeless sun rewards thy weak endeavor,
Who seeks the dark is dark; but turn towards light,
And thou becom'st like that which fills thy sight.

[From the Mother's Magazine.]

IT IS NOT HARD TO DIE.

'Oh! mother, say, *must* we all die?
You, sister, dear papa, and I?
I do not like to think I must
Lie in the grave, and change to dust;
Mother, I'm fond of life and play,
And like not to be borne away
From the green fields, and pleasant light,
To lie where it is always night.'

'Come hither, child, and thou shalt place
Within the earth, in yonder vase,
This grain.'

'Oh, it is smooth and round!
Mother, hide not in the ground
This pretty grain.'

'Do it, my love;
For, by this seed, I wish to prove,
That it is not *so hard* to die,
And in the deep, dark grave to lie.'

* * * * * * *

'How sweet a fragrance fills the room!
Mother, your flowers are now in bloom;
And oh! how beautiful they seem,
While standing in the bright sun's beam!
Mother, I'm glad you made me place
That smooth round seed within this vase;
For, more delighted, now I see
The blossom on this pretty tree,
Which from that buried grain has sprung.'

''Tis thus, my love, with children young,
And loved of God; their *bodies* die,
like that grain, in earth must lie.
But, like this flower, from thence shall rise,
A form of beauty in the skies,—
Which, quickly springing from the tomb,
In Paradise shall ever bloom.'

SOMETHING AND NOTHING.

Dust are we, by the Almighty hand
Thrown into Being; but, a grain of sand
On the waste margin of Infinity
Is more than boundless Chaos; such are we.

[From the New Monthly Magazine.]

THE DEAD FATHER.

Come hither, child, and kneel
In prayer, above thy father's lifeless form—
He loved thee well, in sunshine and in storm,
Through days of woe and weal:
His blessings on thy head no more are given,
As once they came, like gentle dews of heaven.

Look on that pallid face!
Its wonted smiles are calmly resting there,
Unbroken by the deep drawn lines of care;
Sorrow hath left no trace,
Of furrowed bitterness, upon the meek,
And still expression of that blanched cheek.

Thou scarce canst feel thy loss;
Or know the chilling cares that have begun
To shadow thy bright pathway, gentle one!
Many a withering cross,
May in thy guileless bosom plant its sting,
And to thy hopes a poisoned chalice bring.

How sad the fireside hearth!
His manly form shall never—never more
Darken the threshold of our cottage door;
Nor the full sound of mirth,
Go up in gladness to the whited wall;
For death has entered with his funeral pall.

A chair is vacant now!
A cheerful eye and a contented face
Have left, for aye, their wonted dwelling place;
And we must bow!
A blessing's gone! a noble form is riven,
To darken this cold earth, and gladden heaven.

It is enough, my child:—
Thine earthly father to his rest hath gone,
Leaving thine infant hope to travel on,
Meekly and undefiled,
To him, thy Heavenly one. Adoring burn,
And let corruption to the dust return.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the Apprentice.]

GRATITUDE.

In a great city, in the attic flat of one of the houses of an obscure but respectable street, dwelt a family known to few, and visited by none; but they were remarked by the neighbors for their very respectable appearance, as they went regularly to church every Sabbath morning, and, returning after evening service, were seen no more until the commencement of a new week called them again to the public worship of God. A gentleman in middle life, apparently in a deep consumption; his wife, an interesting looking female, still in the prime of life; a son about the age of fourteen years; two boys, much younger, and a little beautiful girl born blind; and, added to these, an old confidential servant-maid formed this little group;—a family of love, whose happiness centered in each other, who had been reared in the lap of affluence, but who shrunk not from the presence of unexpected poverty. Their chief endeavor was, by the strictest economy to keep themselves independent of charitable aid, and to conceal their wants from the world; a pride the last to leave the virtuous unfortunate, and cherished by them to a fault, which had induced them to depart from the scenes of their former prosperity, to enjoy, in the midst of strangers, the luxury of suffering, without comment or observation.

Yet there were bitter moments of regret in the bosom of that affectionate circle. The declining health of the husband of her love, and the impossibility of procuring needful indulgencies to the invalid, forced the suppressed tears from the eyes of that afflicted wife,—whilst the thoughts that his approaching death would leave his family destitute of every means of support, pressed heavily upon the heart of that dying man. His eldest son looked on the distress of his beloved parents with grief, regardless of the alteration in his own situation, and soothed his little brothers and sister, if a murmur of regret escaped their lips. And old Christy bewailed the large establishment they had formerly possessed, not on her own account, but on that of her respected master and mistress, and the little ones, whom she loved as if they had been her own. But in this darkness, a cheering beam gilded the prospect, by Mr Sidney procuring a situation for his son, in a respectable establishment, where a small, but increasing allowance was given to the youths employed, with the prospect of respectable business afterwards; and the hope arose, that Edmund would be able to make up the small annuity on which they at present subsisted, but which terminated with his own life; trusting that the friend of the friendless, the widow's stay, and the orphan's shield, even his Lord and his Savior, would comfort and support them, as he had done so heretofore. With this view before his eyes, of faith in the promises held out to the Christian, Mr Sidney conversed frequently with his son, imprinting upon his mind the duties of an apprentice, the difficulties, the privations, the hopes of independence, which were realized by good behavior; the needful acts of submission, restrained temper, and willing exertion, but all subservient to the will of God, which must never be broke for any hope of earthly preferment; but that he should endeavor to act his part well from love to God, who had given him a term of trial;—that he ought to contemplate his need of help in this combat; and to trust to his Savior for assistance, to run the race so as to obtain the crown of eternal salvation.

Happy is it for those children, whose parents, anxious for their welfare in time and in eternity, speak to them in the sweet words of companionship, of their experience in the journey of life, encouraging them by affectionate indulgence to open to them their cares, their wishes, and their expectations, without restraint, so as to be able to direct them to the good way, and teach them to look to their all-sufficient aid, in joy or in sorrow,—even to Him who has said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not.' Such was the conduct of Mr and Mrs Sidney. Seated in the evening by his eldest son, the little boys at his knees, the little Adeline reclining on the bosom of her mother, who sat with anxious gaze surveying the glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes of her husband, which displayed the hectic, succeeding the chilly rigors of the morning, and which now enabled him to speak in all the eloquence of enthusiastic affection to beings he must soon leave forever,—he would say, 'Edmund, I am comforted that you are entered into a business which, with proper management, may secure you an independence. Flee, my son, the rock on which your father has split, which has wasted the hard-earned fortune of my dear uncle, and left your mother, yourself, and your little sister and brother pennyless,—even an undue love of speculation. You are now an apprentice, and I hope an approved one. In your entry into life, therefore, take the good which the Almighty sends you; add to your means by industry, and venture any needful risk; but before you enter into any great speculation, weigh well the probable chance of success. Gambling is ever dangerous to the soul, and imprudent speculation is only another name for it. And let every action of our life be in reference to eternity, rather than to time; contenting yourself with as much earthly wealth as will enable you to live in comfort, not in splendor, and to dispense thereof in assisting your needful fellow-creatures.' Such were the evening conversations in that family, until death did indeed enter their dwelling. Mr Sidney breathed his last sigh in the presence of his agonized wife and weeping children, resting in the arms of his son, who, a stranger to the king of terrors, could not for some time be persuaded that life was fled forever. Alas! there was bitter wailing in that house of mourning that night, with no thought but that of their sad bereavement, until they could compose their souls unto prayer; then, though the truth flashed upon them, that they were left destitute of every worldly means of support, they rested in confidence upon the Almighty, to bear them through in this hour of dark, deep sorrow. Oh Religion! how sweet is thy presence! how much to be cherished! for thou indeed, and thou only, canst blunt the sharp arrows of human suffering, and bid the spirit to rest in peace, amidst the gloom which veils every earthly comfort from its view.

Into the family of the poor, death brings many aggravated trials. The mourner cannot sit down in the silent luxury of woe to weep for the departed. The anxious thought arises, of the respect due to the dead in their station, how to procure the means of bearing a proper appearance to the world, in the decent funeral and sable habiliments, to do which no privation is deemed of moment to the relation or true friend. These considerations pressed themselves strongly upon the oppressed heart of Mrs Sidney, until they were accomplished; and after her beloved husband had been carried to the grave, attended by a numerous retinue of friends and acquaintances, and herself and family had been attired in genteel mournings, there was little left in her house, either of clothes or furniture, which she could spare to sell; and there were also several debts contracted to kindly hearts who had ventured to allow her credit for purchases she needed, and could not immediately pay. But when all these sad ceremonies were over, she had leisure enough to contemplate her destitute estate, and endeavored, as far as in her lay, to relieve it.

By the assistance of Christy, her servant-maid, she soon procured a little work,—sometimes plain, sometimes of fancy articles; at other times clear starching, and even washing, was resorted to; and things went on tolerably well, until it pleased God again to visit them with sickness, when all these exertions ceased, and their sole dependence became Edmund's scanty salary, trifling as it was.

One after another of that poor family was laid down, but recovered from severe illness, excepting the little blind Adeline, who lingered long in a delicate state; and her mother, worn out by sickness and anxiety, was become so weak, as to be almost constantly in bed: in this situation, without money and without means, dark was the prospect.

Poor Edmund exerted himself to the utmost. His revered father's words were ever in his remembrance, and his most earnest wish was to fulfil the desire he had expressed in his last hours, that he would endeavor to be serviceable to his mother, and little brothers and sister; and, therefore, he endured the greatest privations with pleasure, if he could, in the least way, benefit those he so dearly loved. All the week-days he toiled busily in his master's office, and if an hour could be spared from his duty there in the morning, or in the evening, he devoted the leisure period to drawing, for which he had displayed an early taste, and for which he sometimes got a trifle from an adjoining print-shop. If he allowed himself a minute's relaxation, it was to examine his little brothers on the progress they were making under their mother's tuition, or to sit by the bed-side of his little darling Adeline, giving her insight into important truths suited to her young mind, which was highly gifted, as if in return for the loss of outward sight. On the Sabbath-day, he was regular in all the private family duties of prayer and praise, and never failed to be in his place in church,—his master having provided a pew for his young men in that place of worship in which he himself sat, from the laudable wish to keep them under his eye on the Sabbath-day, and an impression that a regular attendance upon the house of God, would prevent an ill-doing week; therefore, when they absented themselves, each had to give some good reason for his non-attendance.

Edmund was a great favorite with his master and his companions; he was so diligent, so obliging, so good-tempered, and so cheerful. Although he never joined in any of the little recreations his comrades proposed, refused all their invitations of visiting, and gave none, he was always clean and neat,—and though his office coat was threadbare, dressed on Sabbath, in decent mourning, none of them suspected that he was the child of poverty.

One afternoon, as the whim struck them, these light-hearted youths entered into a conversation on the good things of life, to which each gave a preference.—With respect to food, one preferred roast-beef; another, made-up dishes; a third stated, that for a day of fishing or shooting, he would forego a comfortable dinner at any time: a fourth loved a party. 'And what is your preference, Edmund?' was the inquiry; 'how do you generally live?' He could have answered, that his breakfast was a dry crust, and a little milk and water, or a bit of bread or a potato to dinner—and frequently nothing afterwards; that he sat down in the evening, endeavoring to soothe his disconsolate parent with the hope of better days; and that then he reclined beside his little sister, only yielding to the impulses of sleep if she did not require his assistance. But unwilling to make any such explanation, he answered, smiling, 'I have never considered the subject; but I feel that I am hungry, and I shall relish my dinner now, whatever it may consist of,' taking up his hat, and going out.

Ye youths who live in affluence, attend to this little history; and in the midst of the comforts which surround you, contemplate the situation of many of your young companions, born to equal expectations with yourselves of worldly wealth; your equals in genius, in talent, in perseverance, and industry; enduring the privations of penury without a murmur, only anxious to signalize themselves in the paths of science, of instruction, or of discovery, or to prove an assistance to their friends and relatives in affliction,—and be thankful for your own better lot.

When Edmund reached home, his first inquiry was,—'Christy, how is my mother? and how is Adeline?' 'Both bad, bad,' was the reply; 'your mamma is merely ill of distress of mind; but Adeline, poor thing, is fainting for the lack of needful cordials; if she had but something nourishing, she would soon be well; but I am more vexed about you, poor boy,' she added: 'you need your dinner, and there is nothing in this house saving this slice of bread; nothing! and working as you do, it will scarcely keep you in life.' 'Have the boys got any, Christy?' said Edmund, anxiously. 'Oh yes,' said she: 'poor things, they are gone out to gather a few sticks, as our fuel is done, and they will come in when they will not be seen.' 'And have my mother and Adeline taken nothing?' 'Alack, dear heart, they are not able to eat such food.' 'And have you taken anything yourself, dear Christy?' 'Do not mind me, child,' was the reply, 'I can look after myself,—I shall do well enough.' 'Then we shall divide our dinner,' said he; and breaking off the half of the crust, and swallowing a mouthful of water, he sat down to color a few copperplate drawings, in the hope of getting some halfpence to devote to the invalids. He was interrupted by the voice of his mother, inquiring for him, and in a moment he was at her bedside.—'Dear Edmund,' said she, 'how do you feel? you are ill off this day.' 'Quite well, dear mother,' was the reply; 'but, alas! there is nothing fit for you,' looking with alarm upon the parched lips and wan cheeks of his beloved parent. 'Cheer up, dear mother! by and bye we shall have my quarter's payment; I wish I could do any thing else to assist you.' He was startled by the voice of little sister calling out, 'Lift me up, lift me up, dear Christy or Edmund; lift me, for I am going to faint.' The old woman raised up the child's head, exclaiming, 'It is only the want of a cordial, poor weak thing; oh that we had but one glass of wine!' 'Could we not get it, Christy?' said Edmund, the tears standing in his eyes; 'is there nothing more we can sell?' 'Oh, nothing in the world,' said she, 'all is disposed of now, excepting your own Sunday suit,—and you cannot part with that, you know; we have sold the very chest which contained them.' 'But Adeline must not die,' said he; 'see, Christy, she is fainting again!' Mrs Sidney heard the last words, and, starting up, staggered towards the bed; but, from exhaustion, fell upon it. This was too much for poor Edmund. He yielded to the impulse of the moment, snatched up the parcel which contained his Sabbath suit, and was out of sight in a moment, in spite of Christy, who ran to the top of the stair, in order to arrest his progress. He hurried to the shop of Mrs Coustin, a neighbor, who took in articles upon pledge; opened out the parcel, and asked something upon it. Mrs Coustin examined them in her own quiet way, and having consulted with her husband, counted out eighteen shillings and sixpence,—one half more than he expected. With this treasure he hurried home, and putting the money into the hands of their faithful servant, desired her to run out and get what was needful. She looked on it with grief, but seeing what was done could not be helped, she ran out and brought in a bottle of wine for the poor child. 'What have you done? oh what have you done?' cried Mrs Sidney; 'you have ruined yourself, Edmund, on our account!' 'Do not think about it, dear mother,' he replied, as he remarked with joy the crimson hue enkindling the wan lips and pallid cheeks of his little darling; 'see, see, she lives!' 'I *am* better now,' said the little sick girl, 'I am far better now; so let my dear mother, and Edmund, and John, and George, touch me; and, Christy, lay down my head, and I shall go to sleep. I am so happy now that you are all near me!' clasping her little arms round her dear Edmund's neck, and settling herself to rest. 'Oh may the Lord help us, Edmund!' exclaimed Mrs Sidney, 'what shall we do? what will become of us?' 'Oh! do not despair, dear mother,' said the affectionate boy, 'the Lord is all-sufficient; he knows what is best for us, and he will relieve us in his own good time.—You are weak, mother; you must take a glass of wine.' 'Oh! no, no,' said Mrs Sidney, 'it is too precious; you require it far more yourself, Edmund.' A struggle now ensued, but old Christy declaring she needed it, Edmund at length prevailed, and having assisted her to return to bed, sat down to his drawing.

That evening Christy prepared tea,—a luxury they had not seen for many days; and that poor family lifted up their hearts in thankfulness to God, striving in silence to keep from a recurrence to their sorrows. A little work was procured next morning, and health followed regular sustenance,—and they were comparatively happy until Saturday arrived, and they could no longer conceal from themselves, that on Sabbath Edmund could not go as usual to church on account of the want of his clothes.—'What shall we do, Edmund?' said his mother. 'I shall just go,' said he, 'Mr Wharton will not think the worse of me for going in my old suit; an our duty not to look to outward appearance, but to the heart: remember, dear mother, how often my father has told us so.' 'Oh! but, Edmund, you cannot appear in your common clothes, they are scarcely mourning, and are very shabby; it would be such an exposure!' Edmund felt that it would indeed be disagreeable, and yielded his better judgment to his mother's wishes.—Alas! she had yet to learn, that in reference to God, the opinion of the world was of little moment.

Sunday came, and the bells rung for church; Edmund looked out of the window until all the crowds of well-dressed people had gone past to their respective places of worship. He felt dissatisfied in his own mind, as he absented himself from the house of God, almost for the first time in his life; and as he surveyed his wornout apparel, he sighed to think, that in the eye of God that was no proper excuse for keeping away from his courts. He prayed that his weakness in yielding to his feelings might be forgiven, and he began seriously to consider, what excuse he could make to his good master upon the morrow; but not being able to form a reply, he determined to put his trust in his all-seeing guide, and retiring to an inner apartment, he endeavored to spend the day as well as in his power,—so, having given his two brothers their Sabbath tasks, and taken his little blind sister upon his knees, he opened the family Bible, now almost their only remaining book, and in its all-comforting pages soon forgot the troubles of the world. When the evening came, he accompanied as usual his mother and little brothers to a neighboring chapel, in an adjoining street. On Monday morning, as he expected, he was questioned by his master respecting his absence, who was surprised by his silence, but as hitherto he had been so exemplary in his conduct, he did not press him more upon the subject,—and Edmund hoped, that ere another week, by the united exertions of himself and family, he might be able to relieve his clothes; but all their earnest endeavors proved ineffectual,—what they gained, was scarcely sufficient to support them in the most scanty manner;—trifling debts contracted, must be paid,—so that week after week elapsed, and still his place in church was empty. Every Monday morning he was questioned, and at last reprimanded,—until at length Mr Wharton began to form a very bad opinion of his character, considering him a dark, deep, sullen boy, who could not give a clear account of his actions, and was therefore an improper associate for the other youths in his office. This impression he expressed one day openly at table, declaring, that if Edmund Sidney was absent another Sabbath-day, he would discharge him upon the Monday. The footman in whose hearing this was said, related it to his sister, who was Mr Coustin's servant, and she in her turn mentioned it to her mistress, one day that Edmund passed by, with some drawings to the shop which received them,—adding, that 'it would be a great misfortune to the family, for the people upon their stair had told her, that though they made no complaint to any one, it was believed that they were in absolute want.' 'I hope,' said Mrs Coustin to her husband next Saturday evening, as they were closing up shop, 'I hope that young Sidney, at the top of the street, will be at church to-morrow,—for Margaret's brother heard his master say, that if he was absent another Sabbath, he would dismiss him. He seems a good quiet youth, and I understand his family are in deep poverty, although they complain to no one; and it strikes me that he has pledged his clothes here, and cannot go for the want of them; do not you recollect his bringing them one evening?' 'That is a pity, a sad pity!' replied her husband. 'I have remarked that family,—the gentleman died last year, I remember, and I have not seen very much of them since.'

Another Sabbath arrived, and still poor Edmund was without the means to relieve his clothes. He was now dispirited and heart-broken; poverty pressed upon them still with a cold iron grasp: he had yielded to his feelings against his better judgment, in keeping from church,—he had offended the master he loved, and sunk under the loss of his confidence; his chill, constrained, altered manner, touched him to the quick; and he despaired of ever again possessing the friendship he had forfeited, and which he had most highly prized; and he had determined in his own mind to leave his employment rather than bear the conflict of the feelings he at present experienced; but the thought of his mother's dependence on him, and his little brothers, and the little helpless Adeline, wrung the tears from his eyes, though of too manly a spirit to yield readily to the evils of life; and ashamed of his weakness, he dashed aside the big drop as it fell, and taking up his little darling, began to read to her the directions of the Gospel. A gentle ring at the door-bell, struck astonishment into the hearts of each individual within: 'What can this mean, on this day!' said Mrs Sidney, holding her beating heart. 'It can be nothing particular,' said the old servant, 'I may open the door. Let us be thankful in this Christian land, no one craves debts upon the Sabbath. It is God's own day, peaceful to the children of affliction.'—And true was the remark; therefore be thankful for the blessing, and spend the Sabbath with humility, thankfulness, and love, to that good kind Almighty dispenser, who has given us that day of rest, and has said unto us, 'Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.'—But to resume our narrative: When Christy had opened the door, she was surprised to see Mr Coustin wrappped up in his cloak, who inquired for her mistress. 'What in the world can he want?' thought she, knowing that Mrs Sidney had never seen him. 'She is here,' she replied, pointing to the thin, wan, emaciated, but elegant form, that came forward at his entrance. Mr Coustin cast a glance over the empty room into which he was shown, and bowing to Mrs Sidney, thus addressed her: 'I ought, madam, to make an excuse for my intrusion: but I visit you as one Christian neighbor should another, to give you a little information, which perhaps may be useful to you. Your son has not lately attended the church in which he used to sit, and I know, from good authority, that if he is not in his place to-day, he will be discharged to-morrow; perhaps your knowledge of this circumstance, may induce you to make him fulfil his master's wishes.' 'Oh! I, I only am to blame,' exclaimed Mrs Sidney; 'my foolish pride has ruined my boy! what will become of us now?' clasping her hands together. 'He is not ill employed,' said old Christy, coming forward, and casting open the bed room door, where Edmund sat reading his Bible, his brother and sister around him; 'but you know he could not go without his mournings, and, poor thing, he pledged them to keep the family in life.' 'I thought as much,' said Mr Coustin, as Edmund, starting up, came forward, 'I thought as much, and therefore have brought back the suit; you can pay me at your leisure; but I could not rest satisfied to know that so much distress was about to befal a fellow-creature, if I could prevent it.' 'May the Lord reward you,' cried old Christy, as she received the parcel. 'May the Lord reward you,' exclaimed Mrs Sidney, as she pressed forward, and with poor Edmund, who was overpowered by speechless gratitude, pressed the hands of that benevolent being, and watered them with their tears. Mr Coustin, deeply affected, rushed towards the door, to hide the agitation which overcame him; and pride was quenched by thankfulness in that house, as Christy showed the piece of silver, pressed into her hand as he departed. What cannot one work of charity accomplish? The most fortunate family in that city was not more happy than that little circle, as they blessed the Almighty goodness that had sent them unexpected relief; and there was not a more grateful one in church that day than Edmund Sidney, when, seated in his pew, he listened to the words of instruction as heretofore. And was not Mr Coustin also happy that morning, when, in the fulness of his heart, he detailed to his beloved wife the scene of concealed poverty he had witnessed, and the relief he had dispensed, and heard her bless the deed he had performed, with looks of the most ardent affection, saying, that the Lord would approve the act of neighborly kindness!

Next morning, with a light heart Edmund went out to the office, with a determination that he would not shrink from owning the reason of his former absence, should his master deign to make an inquiry; and he told his mother so, who, now humbled in spirit, acquiesced in his intention.

But he was spared the humility of an explanation. We know not whether that good Mr Coustin had taken the liberty of calling and mentioning the circumstances of the morning to Mr Wharton, as he passed by,—we rather think that he had; for, instead of the cold looks with which he had lately regarded Edmund, and which had gone near to break his heart, he walked up to the desk at which he was seated, patted him kindly on the shoulder, telling him how glad he was to see him in his place at church; asked kindly after the welfare of his mother, and if his little brothers were proficient scholars,—who taught them, and what profession they seemed inclined to pursue, and calling him aside before his departure in the evening, and gave him his quarter's allowance, telling him that perhaps it would be more convenient for him to draw it weekly from that period, and that from his good behavior and attention to his duties, it gave him pleasure to put him upon an advanced rate of salary.

The poor youth, overcome by the surprise of such unexpected kindness, could only express his gratitude by his looks; but a generous mind, is at no loss to read such silent expressions of feeling.

It has been remarked, that good fortune or bad never comes singly, and this was experienced in the family of Edmund Sidney. From that period, one little benefit or another kept them above want, and in no long time, Edmund, through the influence of his master, got an excellent situation; but there was bitterness in the cup, since it called him to a foreign land. Need I mention the mutual grief of parting in that tried family,—the tears that flowed on bidding an unwilling adieu to their dearly beloved one,—the fear mingled with hope,—the prayers which arose for his safety to Him who is the friend of the friendless, the shelter of all who throw their burden on Him in the confidence of help? But it passed over, and that good youth was soon in a distant country; and shortly afterward enabled to support those for whom he toiled, in a style suited to their former affluence; and again Mrs Sidney might have assumed the style of splendor of other days. But God had taught her wisdom in the vale of adversity: she educated her children, she tasted of the comforts of life, but she kept a large overplus for the poor; her feet sought the threshold of those who were ready to perish! she gave bread to the hungry, and clothing to those who required a covering to shield them from the blast! she instructed the ignorant, and spoke comfort to the mourning spirit; so that 'when the ear heard her, it blessed her, and when the eye saw her, it gave witness to her.' Her good deeds were in secret, and her 'Father, who seeth in secret, rewarded her openly.' For she lived to behold her two boys a pattern of good behavior to their companions, and to embrace once more her eldest son, when he visited the land of his nativity. And was not Edmund Sidney happy upon that day, when he clasped his beloved mother, and his brothers, and his dear sister Adeline to his bosom, and felt once more the pressure of her long white fingers tracing the features she could never behold; and when old Christy, bowed down with years, thanked God that she had lived to welcome home her own dear favorite, and said she could now die in peace? How humble, how thankful, how sensible were they all then of the manifold kindness of God!

'Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days,' saith the preacher; and gratefully did Mr Coustin confess that truth, as he perused a letter from a long lost only son, (*a wayward one*, whose fate had occasioned many a sleepless night to his distressed parents,) in which, having asked their forgiveness for long neglect and absence, he detailed the reason of his departure, and the trials he had encountered. 'Having reached this city,' he continued, 'I was destitute of clothing, sick, and in poverty, and had not where to lay my head, until a charitable female afforded me a blanket and a little straw in the corner of an out-house, in which I hoped to die! when a stranger, going on a secret round of charity, was told of the destitute wanderer, and came to see me. He kindly inquired into my situation, and was about to relieve me, when having asked my name and *parentage*, he suddenly departed. In a short time he returned with servants and a litter, to convey me unto his own house; there he watched and nursed me with the kindness of a brother, sent for medical aid, and on returning health, clothed me, and gave me good advice, which through the blessing of God will not be lost upon me. He has advised me to return home to relieve your anxiety, and has furnished me with money and every thing needful for so long a voyage; and when I said, that though I never could return the obligations I owed him, yet that I knew you would be willing to reimburse the money he had expended,—his reply was, 'Tell your dear father, Arthur, that the charitable action he performed one Sabbath morning to a destitute family, money can never remunerate on my part; and if you wish to repay me for any favor I may have done to you, it is, that by your future good behavior, by your return to duty, by your affectionate conduct, and by your religious walk, you may prove, at your return home, a comfort to your kind and amiable parents.'

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